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NOTES.

TO-DAY the body of Mr. Gladstone will be laid in Westminster Abbey, the Pantheon where England enshrines her great dead. On Thursday and Friday he lay in state, and an immense crowd filed silently past his bier, shrouded simply in its black draperies in the midst of Westminster Hall. It is fitting that Mr. Gladstone should pass from the world as simply as he lived in it. The simplicity of his life in the midst of a world thirsting wildly for luxury was one of his greatest virtues. Now his work is done, and he passes into silence. Vale!

The funeral of Mr. Gladstone will afford little opportunity for ecclesiastical or civil display, since Mr. Gladstone's desire for a "very simple" service is being scrupulously respected. But the fact is that in all public functions the really impressive feature is not the ceremonial, but the people. And so it will be this morning. It is somewhat strange that the details of the religious ceremony at the burial of the greatest Anglican of his time should be carried out by a Roman Catholic, in his office as Earl Marshall. We imagine that the Duke of Norfolk will have to obtain a dispensation in order to attend the service.

The petition to the Queen that Mr. Gladstone should have a public funeral was presented to the Houses of Parliament Friday last. It was, of course, supported by all the speakers, and carried by both Houses without dissent. We cannot say, however, that any of those who spoke succeeded in their endeavour to convince their hearers, and themselves, that Mr. Gladstone was the worthiest Parliamentarian of the century. Lord Salisbury did his utmost with generosity; but the utmost amounted only to the remark that Mr. Gladstone would be remembered, not for the causes in which he had been engaged, or for the political projects which he had promoted, but as a great example, to which history had hardly furnished a parallel, of a great Christian man. The pæan would have been applicable to Mr. Spurgeon, or to General Booth, as fitly as to Mr. Gladstone.

The Duke of Devonshire's speech was equally negative. The split with Mr. Gladstone in 1886 was a great trial only because of personal considerations. He could recall no word of Mr. Gladstone's which added unnecessary bitterness to the separation. It is, nevertheless, a fact that Mr. Gladstone's later Cabinets were invariably inharmonious. Mr. Gladstone believed in no one but himself, and never allowed to any colleague a privilege of the same faith. It may be, as the Prime Minister remarked, that he was a great Christian man; but no one knows better than the Duke of Devonshire that it was not by the

Christian virtue of meekness that he constantly inherited place and power. Lord Rosebery's speech had less sense of effort—we had almost said of insincerity—than any of the others in the Lords. Probably that was because Lord Rosebery, being detached from Party responsibility, could better afford to treat the theme as merely academic. In the Commons the only striking speech was that of Mr. Balfour. This, too, was mainly notable for what it did not say. Mr. Gladstone, the Leader of the House remarked, wielded every weapon of Parliamentary warfare with perfect ease and complete mastery. Also, "his genius had added a unique dignity to the deliberations of the House."

The Birthday Honours are not exciting. Lord Salisbury does not believe that to create peerages is a good policy. Thus the House of Lords has only two recruits: Lord Muncaster, an honorary Irish nobleman who has rendered valuable service in the House of Commons, and Sir Arthur Halliburton, a civil servant who has done his duty at the War Office well. All observers with worldly wisdom, which usually means good taste, will have noted with approval that in the administration of Lord Salisbury the Queen has been popularising the minor distinctions. For example, Sir George Goldie, head of the Royal Niger Company, and Mr. J. W. Lowther, Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, become Privy Councillors; baronetcies are conferred upon Mr. De la Rue, a man who has made stationery artistic, and Mr. Tate, who gave to London the great picture gallery bearing his name; and Dr. Hubert Parry, Director of the Royal College of Music, receives knighthood. In the spacious days of Liberalism Baronetcies and Knighthoods were cheapened. Peerages also were rather a drug in the market, although they invariably tended to recover tone as they grew in years and grace. Seriously, as the minor honours should be really honourable, the Prime Minister is to be congratulated on having seen that they are bestowed with discrimination, and not discounted by the creation of too many earldoms and baronies.

The New York "Sun" waxes indignant over our statement that the Spanish ships which were beaten at Manila were all wooden, and that they were ridiculously inferior in armament and protection to the American fleet. It was, it is true, an exaggeration to say that all the Spanish vessels were of wood. The statement came from a Spanish newspaper, the truth being that a number of them were of wood with a slight amount of protection. But the attempt of the "Sun" to show that the Spanish force was not so inferior after all, by adding together the tonnage of the different vessels, is very American. It is, of course, notorious that the Spaniards were under-manned, under-armed and totally unprepared, but the anxiety of the Americans to get some credit for the "great victory" does not stick at a

little dishonesty in order to justify their "brag." Twenty years ago there used to hang on the wall in every American household a picture of the battle between the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama" with a legend telling that the "Alabama" was built in a British yard, manned by British seamen, commanded by British officers, and was sunk in so many minutes and seconds. No mention was made of the fact that the fight was as one-sided as if it had been fought between a man and a child. The truth was that the "Kearsarge's" armament was enormously superior to that of the "Alabama." So now the "Sun" adds together the tonnage of a number of little ships and thus makes it appear that the American fleet was *only* 30 per cent. stronger than the Spanish fleet. The fact was that the "Olympia" and the "Baltimore" alone were more than a match for the whole of the Spanish vessels at Cavite, and even without these two the rest of the American ships were stronger than the Spaniards. It is a "braggart America" indeed that boasts of such a victory.

The Presbyterian General Assembly in America has probably no idea of the addition it has made to the gaiety of nations. It has forwarded a resolution to President McKinley, asking that no battles be fought on Sunday, and urging that if Admiral Sampson should meet Admiral Cervera on a Sunday he should ask the Spanish commander to wait till Monday before fighting. This is most admirable, more perfect in its hypocrisy than that of the English Philistine. These respectable elders and pastors, with a flock of some 3,000,000 "intellectual" Americans, as they esteem themselves, really profess to believe that in God's eye the observance of the Sabbath is of more importance than to keep the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill!" Since the beginning of the quarrel no single church in the United States has raised a whisper of protest against the needless war of aggression.

In the "Times" there is proceeding an unseemly wrangle between Mr. Harold Finch-Hatton, who resigned his seat in the House of Commons because he disapproved of the domestic measures and the Foreign policy of the Government, and Sir Frederick Milner, whose grievance is that Mr. Finch-Hatton did not resign earlier. It is odd to find the "Times" allowing these two gentlemen to accuse each other, in its columns, of not having spoken the truth. Sir Frederick says that at a pleasure resort on the Continent he congratulated Mr. Finch-Hatton on his resolve to retire into private life. Mr. Finch-Hatton's report of the conversation is that Sir Frederick was very sorry to hear of that resolve. Now, both, to our own knowledge, are honourable men, and we can account for the discrepancy only by the fact that the Yorkshireman does not hear with ease, and may not have had an accurate echo in himself of his own remarks. The personal question, however, is of no importance. If Mr. Finch-Hatton felt that he could not support the Government conscientiously, in resigning his seat he acted rightly, and there are certainly many who agree with him in thinking that the Conservative party in the Government have misinterpreted, through timidity, the mandate of the people given at the General Election.

A most promising achievement of the Navy League was announced in the journals of Thursday. A branch has been established at Harrow School. The news-writer states that this is "entirely due to the spontaneous wishes and efforts of the boys;" but we cannot help remembering that Lord Charles Beresford lectured to the boys about the Navy a few weeks ago. It would be well were he persuaded to pay visits to Eton and to Rugby also. He is the best recruiting admiral in the Fleet; and, as one of the greatest difficulties with the Navy is the lack of officers and men, he could not possibly help the Service better than by commending it to the Public Schools. It is only right to add that another admiral, the Honourable Victor Alexander Montagu, is doing much to popularise service under the White Ensign. His pleasant little book, "A Middy's Recollections," shows that even in the time of

sailing ships the naval man, old or young, had a life which many a land-lubber might reasonably covet.

Mr. Spencer Walpole, who died on Sunday, was a Tory of stern and unbending prejudices. In Parliament, long ago, his principles of conduct were distrust of the Romanists and the Jews and a lack of belief in the character of his own countryman. He perceived no reason why he himself should not be Home Secretary, with power in the land and a large salary, and was so twice; but he could not for the life of him understand why men living in the rural parts should have household enfranchisement. We trust that his closing years were comforted by the discovery that the people of England were not such fools or traitor knaves as he took them for; but, unfortunately, we cannot be sure. Tories of Mr. Spencer Walpole's type are the only true cynics in the land. At one and the same time they are tumid with pride of race, and absolutely certain that no son of the race who is not to the manor born can be trusted with a vote. In many cases, though unimaginative and invariably dull, they are good-enough companions over the walnuts and the wine, or in the covert; but it is to the advantage of the realm that few of them are in Parliament nowadays.

In her anxiety to safeguard her interests in the north of China, Great Britain would appear to run some risk of overlooking her preponderant opportunities in the south. That, at least, is the moral of the remarks made by Mr. W. F. Wenyon, Sir William Robinson, Mr. Colquhoun and others at the Colonial Institute on Tuesday. Mr. Wenyon, fresh from Hong Kong, was able to indicate not only the progress made by that Imperial emporium, but the opportunities which await enterprise, and which France and Germany are making strenuous efforts to seize. It is rather startling to learn that British trade in this particular part of the Chinese littoral is being developed by means of French shipping. The subsidies paid by France to her shipping companies are gradually securing for them a proportion of British business which is eminently unsatisfactory and disquieting. France, apparently, is actively strengthening her position in the south with a view to challenging the British lead, and some day we may expect to hear that she has found an excuse for seizing Leichau. If Leichau were in French hands and were made a free port, Mr. Wenyon is convinced the prosperity of Hong Kong would be in danger. What the British Government and the British people have to remember is that, great as are our interests in China to-day, they are exceedingly small when placed beside the potentialities of the future. If the waterways were properly opened up and the untold mineral resources within easy reach of Hong Kong were exploited, Hong Kong would now be but at the beginning of a flourishing career. At present we seem to be doing little more than pave the way for our rivals.

In the Atbara dispatch published this week, Sir Herbert Kitchener is very lavish in compliments to all branches of the service, with one exception. Speaking of the medical arrangements, he says they were "satisfactory," having regard to the "somewhat difficult circumstances of the operations." That the Sirdar should, in however slight a degree, qualify his acknowledgment of the service rendered by the doctors in no way, we may be sure, reflects on the gallant chiefs and members of the medical staff. At the same time it seems to show a consciousness of something wanting. Perhaps we should not be far wrong if we suggested that Surgeon-Major Beevor's address at the Royal United Service Institution supplied the explanation. He described the enormous boon to the wounded and to the doctors themselves which the Röntgen rays proved in the operations on the North-west frontier of India. Why was the discovery not utilised in the Soudan? Ignorance of the utility of the X rays in surgery cannot be pleaded, seeing that they are now almost universally applied in hospitals and elsewhere. The first cry of the doctors after the battle of Atbara was, Why have we not got a Röntgen apparatus at hand? Who was responsible for the oversight? The experience gained on the Indian frontier shows that the

difficulties of transport need not be considered, and if they were fifty times greater than they are, they should not count against the claims of humanity. The Röntgen process reduces the probing for bullets to mere barbarism. Is it too much to hope that when the assault on Khartoum takes place the medical staff will be properly equipped with a Röntgen apparatus?

It is strange that among the frequent items of news concerning the hut-tax troubles in Sierra Leone, there has been no intimation that Sir Frederick Cardew has resigned the governorship which he has so badly managed. That he should any longer retain a post in which he has distinguished himself with such supreme maladroitness, is surely not contemplated by the Colonial Office; some regard must be paid to the interests of this unfortunate Colony and its Protectorate. The trade of the Colony is rapidly dwindling, its affairs are heading straight for bankruptcy, the inhabitants of the Protectorate—hitherto as loyal and contented as any of the Queen's subjects—have been turned into bloodthirsty rebels, and all because of the arrogant tyranny and ignorance of the governor. For, though the hut-tax is the chief source of complaint, it is by no means the only grievance. There is, for example, an ordinance which enacts that any chief who shall be required by the governor, directly or by deputy, to do or refrain from doing any public act, and shall neglect the order, shall be guilty of an offence; and offences under this and other clauses are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or by a whipping not exceeding thirty-six lashes. Such is the tactful treatment of "protected" chiefs, who not unnaturally complain that if perchance they break any of the laws they may be whipped in the presence of their wives, children, and subordinates, and be so belittled by the indignity, that their very lives would be endangered in resisting the insults which would in consequence be heaped upon them by their own people. The administration of the Sierra Leone Protectorate is a disgrace to the British Empire.

The Government, we have grounds for stating, has made up its mind to refuse an inquiry into the country's food supply. It is perhaps in accordance with tradition for a Government to shut its eyes and try to stifle investigation into the most important question of the day; but for the sake of his own reputation Mr. Balfour should not seek to justify his denial by grave misstatements. He has been telling the House of Commons that "the stock of wheat in the world is greater now than it has been at any previous period." According to our information, the world at the present moment is between ten and fifteen per cent. short of the normal stock of the last five or six years, that—put into actual figures—the world's store to-day certainly does not exceed 270 million quarters, and is probably a good deal less, while, judging by the amounts in recent years, it should be 300 million quarters. In view of this shortage a bad harvest this year will be a calamity not easily to be measured; and disturbing stories of cold rains and similar unpropitious weather elements are coming in from various wheat countries. Yet Mr. Balfour will not even allow an official inquiry into the possible means of securing an adequate wheat store in the country!

Not the least farcical of the many farcical features of the Imperial Institute is its School of Modern Oriental Studies. As the existence of such a school is *prima facie* evidence that the Institute is not altogether the sorry sham which its critics declare it to be, it is needful to call attention to the fact that, even in the important matter of imparting instruction in Oriental languages and knowledge, the Institute is unable to score a success. It has recently published its scholarship awards from 1892 to the present time. The list is significant. In 1892, no competitors. In 1893, a scholarship in Arabic to Mr. Henry Leitner, jun., and in Persian to Mr. E. D. Ross. In 1894, in Hindustani and Chinese, no competitors; in Persian, an award to Mr. Diwan Tek Chand. In 1895, Mr. L. Stennett Amery gets a Turkish scholarship; there are no competitors for the Chinese, while the Hindustani goes to a

Mr. Asghar Ali, who apparently learned the language at his mother's knee. In 1896 a Burmese scholarship is given to Mr. Lee Ah Yain, a gentleman bearing, with marked appropriateness, a thoroughly Burmese name; Mr. H. G. Sarwar takes the Arabic scholarship, and Mr. V. R. Pandit the Marathi. In 1897, there is no award in the Chinese scholarship, but the Gujarati scholarship goes to a Parsee named Rustum D. N. Wadia—and why not? Gujarati is the native tongue of the Parsees. The Persian scholarship does apparently go to an Englishman. The list indicates that the Institute is usually unable to get Englishmen to compete, and so, to avoid too many blanks, gives the awards to men whose native speech is that which the scholarship is to aid them in acquiring.

We are glad to see that at last the worm is beginning to turn, and that London north of the Thames is protesting against the extortion practised upon it by the Gas Light and Coke Company. For some time past this Company has been charging considerably more for its gas than the companies south of the Thames, and it is now raising its rate still further. A letter from Mr. Pickersgill was read at a public meeting at the Holborn Town Hall, on Wednesday last, wherein it was stated that Mr. Ritchie practically promised the Government's consent to a select committee to investigate the scandal, if a motion to that end were made in the House. This, of course, will be done, but the ways of select committees are leisurely, nor does the legislation which they recommend follow with lightning speed. Even supposing the Committee is moved for soon after the Whitsuntide recess, is appointed without delay, sits promptly and works hard, its report will not be ready soon enough for legislative effect to be given to it this Session; so, for at least a year to come, the gas monopolists will be free to bleed the helpless consumer. The only practical immediate means of escape from the latest addition to the gas rate will be for consumers to deduct the extra charge from their accounts. The pursuit of a similar method in the case of the railway companies and the exorbitant increases in railway rates in 1893 had, there is reason to believe, some effect in expediting reform.

Eight months ago we sounded a note of warning in respect of the arrangements concluded (immediately after the return of M. Faure from Kronstadt) for the establishment of a Russian Legation at Tangier. The news reaches us only this week, that the Ambassador has now arrived to take up his arduous duties, and there comes also the instructive item that the Russian "colony" at Tangier consists of but one gentleman, of Jewish origin. By the news we are reminded of French intrigue in that quarter, which we have always viewed with alarm, and we associate the Russian advent with no other grounds. Most earnestly we hope that our minister at Tangier is imbued with the traditions bequeathed by Sir John Hay, with the jealousy, at any rate, with which he viewed every move in the Straits. Frankly, we do not like this news of the defection of Moorish tribes to the French flag, and still less do we fancy France's rumoured project of ceding to Russia the northernmost point on the map of Africa, the strongly fortified harbour of Bizerta. With the attention of this country concentrated on developments in West Africa, we foresee France stealing a march somewhat further north, in territory that concerns more closely our immediate commercial interests.

It would be impolitic to lend more than a doubting ear to the reports current in respect of French acquisition of the Canaries and the mainland foreshore from Bojador southward to Senegal. But it is within the bounds of possibility that Spain may, even in the moment of her despair, carry through an astute bargain, and we should in that case wake up one morning in the near future and contemplate the pleasing image of the Gaul planted in the route of our Cape gold ships. The sequel, of France dominating the southern boundary of the Straits of Gibraltar, is a pass that even in critical mood we decline seriously to consider. Still, where the Canaries go Ceuta may follow.

MR. KRUGER, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, AND THE
"SATURDAY REVIEW."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has received his answer, and we trust that by this time he is conscious of the mistake he made when he introduced that blessed word "suzerainty" into his last dispatch to the Transvaal Executive. In its main point the lengthy dispatch which Dr. Leyds, as State Secretary for the South African Republic, has addressed to him in reply is unanswerable, and we venture to think that its most cogent argument is drawn from our own columns. Mr. Chamberlain can scarcely have failed to be cognisant of the statements we reported from the late Lord Rosmead's own lips in November last; it is a pity we were not able to publish them sooner, for he might have been saved from the deplorable folly of waving the red rag of suzerainty in the faces of President Kruger and the Boers at a time when every endeavour should have been made to humour them. They had a right to this consideration at least, as some recompense for the armed incursion into Transvaal territory which took place under Mr. Chamberlain's nose. As it is, however, the explicit declaration of Lord Rosmead with regard to the suzerainty question which appeared in our columns has had one curious result. Its reproduction in Dr. Leyds' dispatch as authoritative is the first historical instance of a newspaper interview being used as a State document, though the importance of the statement made by the late High Commissioner in South Africa, and the absolute faithfulness with which it was reported by us, rendered it in every way natural that this distinction should be accorded to the "Saturday Review." Lord Rosmead's authority is supreme on this matter, for he himself drafted the Convention of 1884 on the instructions received from the Colonial Office. "The meaning 'suzerainty' was withdrawn, and the word left out purposely," he declared in the interview quoted by the State Secretary. "Kruger was not content with the 1881 Convention because of the claim to suzerainty, and we meant to withdraw the claim in 1884. What's the good of claiming more power than you've got?" This is the text dwelt upon throughout the whole of the Transvaal dispatch, and the further evidence adduced with regard to the words of Lord Derby and the documents in his handwriting in the possession of the Transvaal Government, merely confirm in detail the succinct declaration of Lord Rosmead. It is not the question whether Lord Derby was wise in giving way to the strong representations of Mr. Kruger and the other members of the deputation which came to London in 1883 urging that the claim to suzerainty should be abandoned by Great Britain. It is important only to know whether the claim was abandoned, and after Lord Rosmead's declaration there was no longer any possible doubt that it was expressly left out both from the preamble and the text of the Convention of 1884 which was substituted for that of 1881. The only trace of control left in the Convention is the famous Article 4, which prohibits the South African Republic from making treaties with foreign Powers save with the consent of the British Government. This may be equivalent to suzerainty, and it may not. Mr. Chamberlain says it is; Mr. Kruger says it isn't. But to continue the dispute is a mere battle of words, and every man of sense will deplore the obstinacy of Mr. Chamberlain in persisting in a vain dispute, when in South Africa real grievances have to be remedied, and serious difficulties are to be overcome. Since the Convention of 1884 was signed, the word suzerainty had never been used in an official dispatch to describe the position of Great Britain towards the Transvaal, until Mr. Chamberlain used it last October. In using it, he knew that he could not fail to alarm the Boers, and only the gross neglect of the permanent officials at the Colonial Office, or an incredible and cynical disregard of our national honour permitted him thus to break the nation's written word.

In his reply Dr. Leyds, on behalf of the Transvaal Executive, makes it again abundantly clear that there is on their part no intention of trying to escape from their obligations under Article 4 of the Convention. "Although not for the first time," remarks the dispatch,

"yet, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, this Government desires to state clearly that it is prepared in every respect to abide by the stipulations of the Convention of 1884." Much as he may dislike it, Mr. Chamberlain is bound in like fashion to abide by the agreement, and since, in Lord Salisbury's words, that document secures to the Transvaal "complete independence, subject to the Convention," he has no tittle of right to interfere with the internal affairs of the Republic. The only point of importance in the dispute—the Aliens' Law, passed by the Transvaal Government—is assuredly a question of internal administration, and although the Colonial Office is right when it declines to refer the dispute to the arbitration of another Power, it is wrong in having by its insistence on a non-existent control compelled a weaker power to ask for arbitration. It is not fitting that England in her strength and greatness should seem to do an injustice to a small State that exists under her protection. The Government of the South African Republic may not be—indeed it is not—an ideal Government. It permits many abuses; it is blind to its own best interests; it is often jealous, petty and uninformed. But with all its faults it is the independent Government conferred upon the Transvaal by the British Government itself, and it should not be treated in such fashion that it can ever appeal for the arbitration of an outside Power. From England the Republic should ever be assured of a fair hearing, and an unperverted interpretation of the conditions which under the Convention it is bound to observe. From Mr. Chamberlain it has received scant courtesy, and for answer but a juggle of words. It is not surprising that now it should ask for much more than it expects to get, for it is certain that Great Britain will never consent to outside arbitration on the questions in dispute, with its corollary that the South African Republic is a wholly independent Power in its international relations. Article 4 of the Convention, which is admitted by the Transvaal, is an acknowledgment that Great Britain is the paramount Power in South Africa, and the "Times" is right when it declares that there shall be no foreign interference between us and the Republic, and that it is the British Government which will be the final judge of any infringement of the Convention. But being the final judge it is our duty to be strictly just, and to construe without chicanery the letter of our bond. The wild and foolish words of Mr. Esselen will not stir us from that duty, and we trust that Mr. Chamberlain will see his mistake in departing from it.

The problem before him is to retrieve the mistake of that lamentable Raid, and to clear completely away the clouds of suspicion that still cling round the Colonial Office. This he will never do so long as he continues to bandy words with Dr. Leyds and to consume valuable months in a vain dispute of no importance. Let him prove that he also is resolved to abide fairly by the Convention. The tragic disunion of races in South Africa still continues. Since Mr. Chamberlain has been at the Colonial Office no progress has been made towards reconciliation, and even the loyalty of the Dutch in Cape Colony has been severely strained by the folly and ineptitude of our conduct towards the Transvaal since the Raid. Enormous interests are at stake throughout South Africa, awaiting the advent of some statesman who shall safeguard them by a just and wise consideration of the rights of every State throughout our sphere of influence there. It was because we saw the magnitude of the issue and the importance of the union of races in South Africa that we printed at the opportune moment the words of Lord Rosmead which removed for all time one of the causes of disunion. What Lord Rosmead told us proved beyond all doubt that Great Britain had deliberately abandoned all claim to suzerainty over the Transvaal. It is a claim which President Kruger and the Boers will resist to the last, and it is lamentable that Mr. Chamberlain should have revived it now, when there was some chance of the Raid being forgotten, and of the advent of a strong party of progress throughout South Africa that would include both English and Dutch alike. We do not doubt that such a party will arise, and we shall spare no effort to help its coming. The light we were able to throw upon the real origin and meaning of the Transvaal Convention of 1884

has had its effect already, and if Mr. Chamberlain will only assist, even Mr. Kruger may at last be brought to believe that what Great Britain promises she will perform, and that even as a final Court of Appeal her statesmen can honour themselves and the Empire by a justice that knows no distinctions of race amongst men who live beneath the protection of the flag.

MR. GLADSTONE AS A PARLIAMENTARIAN.

GOOD judges have said that Mr. Gladstone was the greatest Parliamentarian of this or any other time. In making comparison with the past, two names at once occur to us—those of Mr. Pitt and Sir Robert Peel, the second the man of whom it was said that "he played upon the House of Commons like an old fiddle." In a sense this is also true of Mr. Gladstone, but there is a sense in which it is not true, at least to the same extent. He was quite as great a member of Parliament, but there is a considerable difference between a great member of Parliament and a great Parliamentarian. Mr. Gladstone did not live in and for the House of Commons as Mr. Pitt and Sir Robert Peel did; I doubt if his influence over the House of Commons was ever as absolute as theirs, because there was not between him and the House, except on special occasions, that subtle current of unconscious sympathy in thought and feeling which is the essential characteristic of a great Parliamentarian. He never quite understood the House, and the House never quite understood him. He dominated the House by his superb qualities of intellect and character, but in the construction of his mind there was too much of the Italian ecclesiastic of the middle ages to allow him to be the first and greatest of English Parliamentarians. The House of Commons was the arena in which he loved to display his matchless powers in debate, but I believe it could never claim more than the third place in his affections. The first place was surely given to Oxford, of whom in almost his last public utterance he pathetically said, "My prayers are hers to the uttermost and the last." Was not his heart hers to the uttermost and from the first? The second place was given to the people of England, who respected him, who honoured him, who worshipped him with a devotion such as few men have been able to inspire. He served them "perhaps mistakenly but to the best of his ability," and with an unparalleled and lavish display of overwhelming intellectual attainments, which so impressed themselves upon the imagination that, for a time, they almost seemed to modify the national character. But in dealing with the people of England, again, there seemed to be that lack of mutual understanding that marred to an appreciable extent his efficiency as a Parliamentarian. By degrees he lost his hold on constituency after constituency, just as in the House of Commons he habitually squandered his majority. Though the House invariably filled when he rose to speak, though a speech from Mr. Gladstone never failed to charm, it frequently failed to convince; and on many occasions he would have served his cause better, and been more likely to get his own way, had he kept silence. The characteristics of his oratory are so well known that it seems superfluous to dwell upon them. They have never been better described than by a splendid comparison which Mr. Bright made between Mr. Gladstone and himself. He remarked that "Gladstone, when dealing with a subject, goes coasting along, following carefully the sinuosities of the shore, and exploring every creek and inlet to its furthest bounds before proceeding on his way. I go from headland to headland through the great seas." There are certain speeches, and certain passages in these speeches, which will live for ever in the records of English Parliamentary eloquence; but it is doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone will be studied as a classic. Only the oldest of the older generation can recall Mr. Gladstone's earlier speeches, and not many people can remember personally the speeches he made during his middle age; but, as far as it is possible to judge from a perusal of the best of them, it is safe to conclude that, during the last twenty years of his life, he delivered speeches that exhibited to perfection all the highest qualities of his oratory, and which were quite as fine as any that adorned the previous period. The present writer certainly never has heard from Mr. Gladstone, or from any one else, any flight of oratory

that approached the noble peroration of his speech on 7 May, 1877, in favour of the Christian populations of Turkey. Beginning with the words, "Sir, there is not one controversy before us, but two," he continued on an ever-ascending note until there came the magnificent outburst, "Sir, there were other days when England was the hope of freedom. . . . You talk to me of an established tradition in regard to Turkey. I appeal to another tradition—older, wider, nobler far." The intonation of the word "far" I can never forget. Then came the reference to the "band of heroes such as the world has rarely seen standing on the rock of Montenegro," and to the "five millions of Bulgarians, cowed and beaten down to the ground, hardly venturing to look upwards even to their Father in heaven." As he uttered these words, Mr. Gladstone clasped his hands and raised them, turning his face upwards and looking as if he were inspired. When he concluded, having spoken for two hours and a half, right through the dinner, to a crowded and spellbound House, not a man of whom could leave his seat, the cheering lasted for many minutes, and, contrary to all rule and custom, the Gallery, in which I was sitting, joined in with vociferous applause, and even clapping of hands, that could not be repressed. I doubt if ever he had in the House of Commons a greater oratorical triumph than this, though other speeches might be mentioned which produced a prodigious effect. Mr. Gladstone was the last surviving master of the grand style of Parliamentary eloquence. With him it passed away completely, and I doubt if it can ever be revived. He began his career at a time when oratory was still regarded as an art, and when the presentation of views and arguments in just and natural sequence of thought, clothed in elevated and appropriate language, was an ideal aimed at by all who aspired to parliamentary distinction, and without which it could hardly be achieved. No one ever more completely attained to that ideal than Mr. Gladstone. He had the copiousness without the tediousness, but also without the gorgeousness of Burke; he had Pitt's power of marshalling facts and figures in the most lucid order, so that everything, however obscure and complicated it might be, at once appeared simple and easy to understand, and every man listening to him was inclined to think that a budget was no more difficult than a child's puzzle. He had Pitt's unfailing command of the exact word he wanted. In mastery of details he was not exceeded even by Peel, that great master of details, and he had even a greater knack than Peel of making dry bones live, by infusing into them a warmth and colour that proceeded, not so much from the brilliancy of his imagination, as from the impetuosity and abounding vigour of his temperament. He had none of Lord Beaconsfield's art, or gift for barbed epigram and pointed phrase. He rolled over the field of debate like a thunder cloud, whereas Lord Beaconsfield flashed upon it like the lightning. Though he never laid aside his old-world courtesy, a quality which he was quick to recognise and appreciate in others, he could be terrible in retort and crushing in rebuke, as Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chaplin, on two celebrated occasions, discovered to their cost. Keen as was his sarcasm it never degenerated into a sneer, and his praise had in it a largeness of utterance, and yet a balanced restraint, that, while it did more than justice to the recipient, raised it far above any suspicion of fulsomeness or flattery. In the lobby, and wherever he came into contact with his followers, the charm of his personality was fully exerted, and did much to undo the distrust his policy often aroused, and to bring waverers and malcontents into line. When he had an object in view he never spared himself, and on behalf of the greatest of principles, or to carry the smallest of details, he would take infinite trouble to secure his end. Yet by his subtleties he often bewildered the House, which sometimes wearied of the cloud of words in which he enveloped his subject, and longed for a little plain speech. Though he was able on occasions to mesmerise the House into a reluctant subjection, there were others on which he so misinterpreted the prevailing feeling that it broke clean away from his lead, as in the Bradlaugh case, when it chose rather to follow the lead of Lord Randolph Churchill, then a young, untried, and almost unknown politician, rather than that of Mr. Gladstone,

then at the climax of his power, and popularity, and prestige. In his later years there was no more interesting exhibition of his powers of debate than his long duel with Mr. Chamberlain (who never showed to greater advantage) over the Home Rule Bill of 1893, in which he had to find at a moment's notice plausible answers to unanswerable arguments. That was his last great Parliamentary effort, and after having crossed swords with an unexampled array of opponents for over sixty years, he doffed his armour and quitted the lists. No statesman in English history has ever met in debate so many minds of the highest calibre, no one of them has had his intellectual powers and resources so tried and tested by conflict with men of such varied and immense aptitudes and capacities; and no one can say that in any encounter he was worsted individually, and appeared the lesser man of the two. In losing Mr. Gladstone the House of Commons lost not only its greatest ornament, but the man who to its infinite advantage held up to it the mirror of an earlier and greater time, and was in himself with Pitt and Peel the most finished and perfect pattern of a Parliamentary statesman to be found in the annals of our history. It is curious that not many years ago he said that the days for a Parliamentary career were over.

ERNEST BECKETT.

ARTHUR RIMBAUD.

THAT story of the Arabian Nights, which is at the same time a true story, the life of Rimbaud, has just been told, for the first time, in the extravagant but valuable book of an anarchist of letters, who writes under the name of Paterné Berrichon, and who has lately married Rimbaud's sister. "La Vie de Jean-Arthur Rimbaud" ("Mercure de France"), is full of curiosity for those who have been mystified by I know not what legends, invented to give wonder to a career, itself more wonderful than any of the inventions. The man who died at Marseilles, at the Hospital of the Conception, on 10 March, 1891, at the age of thirty-seven, "négociant," as the register of his death describes him, was a writer of genius, an innovator in verse and prose, who had written all his poetry by the age of nineteen, and all his prose by a year or two later. He had given up literature to travel hither and thither, first in Europe, then in Africa; he had been an engineer, a leader of caravans, a merchant of precious merchandise. And this man, who had never written down a line after those astonishing early experiments, was heard, in his last delirium, talking of precisely such visions as those which had haunted his youth, and using, says his sister, "expressions of a singular and penetrating charm" to render these sensations of visionary countries. Here certainly is one of the most curious problems of literature: is it a problem of which we can discover the secret?

The secret of Rimbaud, I think, and the reason why he was able to do the unique thing in literature which he did, and then to disappear quietly and become a legend in the East, is that his mind was not the mind of the artist but of the man of action. He was a dreamer, but all his dreams were discoveries. To him it was an identical act of his temperament to write the sonnet of the Vowels and to trade in ivory and frankincense with the Arabs. He lived with all his faculties at every instant of his life, abandoning himself to himself with a confidence which was at once his strength and (looking at things less absolutely) his weakness. To the student of success, and what is relative in achievement, he illustrates the danger of one's over-possession by one's own genius, just as aptly as the saint in the cloister does, or the mystic too full of God to speak intelligibly to the world, or the spilt wisdom of the drunkard. The artist who is above all things an artist cultivates a little choice corner of himself with elaborate care; he brings miraculous flowers to growth there, but the rest of the garden is but mown grass or tangled bushes. That is why many excellent writers, very many painters, and most musicians are so tedious on any subject but their own. Is it not tempting, does it not seem a devotion rather than a superstition, to worship the golden chalice in which the wine has been made God, as if the chalice were the reality, and the Real Presence the

symbol? The artist, who is only an artist, circumscribes his intelligence into almost such a fiction, as he reverences the work of his own hands. But there are certain natures (great or small, Shakespeare or Rimbaud, it makes no difference) to whom the work is nothing; the act of working, everything. Rimbaud was a small, narrow, hard, precipitate nature, which had the will to live, and nothing but the will to live; and his verses, and his follies, and his wanderings, and his traffickings were but the breathing of different hours in his day.

That is why he is so swift, definite, and quickly exhausted in vision; why he had his few things to say, each an action with consequences. He invents new ways of saying things, not because he is a learned artist, but because he is burning to say them, and he has none of the hesitations of knowledge. He leaps right over or through the conventions that had been standing in everybody's way; he has no time to go round, and no respect for trespass-boards, and so he becomes the *enfant terrible* of literature, playing pranks (as in that sonnet of the Vowels), knocking down barriers for the mere amusement of the thing, getting all the possible advantage of his barbarisms in mind and conduct. And so, in life, he is first of all conspicuous as a disorderly liver, a revolter against morals as against prosody, though we may imagine that, in his heart, morals meant as little to him, one way or the other, as prosody. Later on, his revolt seems to be against civilisation itself, as he disappears into the deserts of Africa. And it is, if you like, a revolt against civilisation, but the revolt is instinctive, a need of the organism; it is not doctrinal, cynical, a conviction, a sentiment.

Always, as he says, "révant univers fantastiques," he is conscious of the danger as well as the ecstasy of that divine imitation; for he says: "My life will always be too vast to be given up wholly to force and beauty." "J'attends Dieu avec gourmandise," he cries, in a fine rapture; and then, sadly enough: "I have created all the feasts, all the triumphs, all the dramas of the world. I have set myself to invent new flowers, a new flesh, a new language. I have fancied that I had attained supernatural power. Well, I have now only to put my imagination and my memories in the grave. What a fine artist's and storyteller's fame thrown away!" See how completely he is conscious, and how completely he is at the mercy, of that hallucinatory rage of vision, vision to him being always force, power, creation, which on some of his pages seems to become sheer madness, and on others a kind of wild but absolute insight. He will be silent, he tells us, as to all that he contains within his mind, "greedy as the sea," for otherwise poets and visionaries would envy him his fantastic wealth. And, in that "Nuit d'Enfer," which does not bear that title in vain, he exalts himself as a kind of saviour; he is in the circle of pride in Dante's hell, and he has lost all sense of limit, really believes himself to be "no one and some one." Then, in the "Alchimie du Verbe," he becomes the analyst of his own hallucinations. "I believed in all the enchantments," he tells us; "I invented the colour of the vowels: A, black; E, white; I, red; O, blue; U, green. I regulated the form and the movement of every consonant, and, with instinctive rhythms, I flattered myself that I had invented a poetic language accessible, one day or another, to every shade of meaning. I reserved to myself the right of translation. . . . I accustomed myself to simple hallucination: I saw, quite frankly, a mosque in place of a factory, a school of drums kept by the angels, post-chaises on the roads of heaven, a drawing-room at the bottom of a lake; monsters, mysteries; the title of a vaudeville raised up horrors before me. Then I explained my magical sophisms by the hallucination of words! I ended by finding something sacred in the disorder of my mind." Then he makes the great discovery. Action, one sees, this fraudulent and insistent will to live, has been at the root of all these mental and verbal orgies, in which he has been wasting the very substance of his thought. Well, "action," he discovers, "is not life, but a way of spoiling something." Even this is a form of enervation, and must be rejected from the absolute. "Mon devoir m'est remis. Il ne

faut plus songer à cela. Je suis réellement d'outre-tombe, et pas de commissions."

It is for the absolute that he seeks, always; the absolute which the great artist, with his careful wisdom, has renounced seeking. And he is content with nothing less; hence his own contempt for what he has done, after all, so easily; for what has come to him, perhaps through his impatience, but imperfectly. He is a dreamer in whom dream is swift, hard in outline, coming suddenly and going suddenly, a real thing, but seen only in passing. Visions rush past him, he cannot arrest them; they rush forth from him, he cannot restrain their haste to be gone, as he creates them in the mere indiscriminate idleness of energy. And so this seeker after the absolute leaves but a broken medley of fragments, into each of which he has put a little of his personality, which he is for ever dramatising, by multiplying one facet, so to speak, after another. Very genuinely, he is now a beaten and wandering ship, flying in a sort of intoxication before the wind, over undiscovered seas; now a starving child outside a baker's window, in the very ecstasy of hunger; now "la victime et la petite épouse" of the first communion: won:

"Je ne parlerai pas, je ne penserai rien;
Mais l'amour infini me montera dans l'âme,
Et j'irai loin, bien loin, comme un bohémien,
Par la Nature, heureux comme avec une femme!"

He catches at verse, at prose, invents a sort of *vers libre* before any one else, not quite knowing what to do with it, invents a quite new way of writing prose, which Laforgue will turn to account later on; and having suggested, with some impatience, half the things that his own and the next generation are to busy themselves with developing, he gives up writing, as an inadequate form, to which he is also inadequate.

What, then, is the actual value of Rimbaud's work, in verse and prose, apart from its relative values of so many kinds? I think, considerable; though it will probably come to rest on two or three pieces of verse, and a still vaguer accomplishment in prose. He brought into French verse something of that "gipsy way of going with nature, as with a woman;" a very young, very crude, very defiant and sometimes very masterly sense of just those real things which are too close to us to be seen by most people with any clearness. He could render physical sensation, of the subtlest kind, without making any compromise with language, forcing language to speak straight, taming it as one would tame a dangerous animal. And he kneaded prose as he kneaded verse, making it a disarticulated, abstract, mathematically lyrical thing. In verse, he pointed the way to certain new splendours, as to certain new naïvetés; there is the "Bateau ivre," without which we might never have had Verlaine's "Crimen Amoris." And, intertangled with what is ingenuous, and with what is splendid, there is a certain irony, which comes into that youthful work as if youth were already reminiscent of itself, so conscious is it that youth is youth, and that youth is passing.

In all these ways, Rimbaud had his influence upon Verlaine, and his influence upon Verlaine was above all the influence of the man of action upon the man of sensation; the influence of what is simple, narrow, emphatic, upon what is subtle, complex, growing. Verlaine's rich, sensitive nature was just then trying to realise itself. Just because it had such delicate possibilities, because there were so many directions in which it could grow, it was not at first quite sure of its way. Rimbaud came into the life and art of Verlaine, troubling both, with that trouble which reveals a man to himself. Having helped to make Verlaine a great poet, he could go. Note that he himself could never have developed: writing had been one of his discoveries; he could but make other discoveries, personal ones. Even in literature he had his future; but his future was Verlaine.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE RISE AND FALL OF BRITISH TARIFFS.

IN the forbidding form of a huge Blue Book Mr. T. J. Pittar, the Statistician of Her Majesty's Customs, has just produced a work of importance to the student of politics and of political economy, and of much

interest withal to any reader who will take the trouble to conquer the common prejudice which imagines that all Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's blue-covered publications are of necessity dull and distasteful. No such charge can be maintained against Mr. Pittar's History of Customs Tariffs, which is full of entertaining information.

The book bristles with points which start the reader on suggestive trains of thought. Among them those which arise from the history of preferential trade between England and her possessions relate to matter of the greatest urgency and the most practical interest for us to-day. England's isolation, her gradual ejection from foreign markets under the progress of foreign industrialism, the growing sentiment of Imperial brotherhood throughout her dominions, the illimitable wealth-capacity of those dominions, only now beginning dimly to dawn upon our minds,—all emphasise the need, which is becoming yearly more urgent, for fostering trade within the Empire and preparing to rely in the future on that trade for the major part of our industrial prosperity. A system of preferential trading, whereby alone this end can be secured, is ridiculed by its opponents as an impossible futility; and even among a large number of those who regard the project with favour we hear the objections that such a system would be too difficult and complicated to devise and carry out, and that it is very doubtful, in the event of such a Customs Union being established, whether it would work. These ridiculings and doubts and objections disappear when confronted with history. Preferential trade is no new dream: it is only the revival of a system universal until the middle years of the present century, when a triumphant Little Englandism wantonly destroyed it.

For example, by the Act of 1695 which imposed certain import duties additional to those already in force, cocoa from foreign countries had to pay four guineas a cwt., but cocoa from the Colonies was let off with £2 16s. The legislation of succeeding years abounds with instances of the Government's carefulness to promote trade between the mother country and her young possessions. On nearly all articles of importation into England in which the Colonies competed with foreign countries the tariff rates were on a lower scale for Colonial merchandise. Even with respect to the prohibitions on the export of certain articles from England (which was a common feature of earlier fiscal systems) exceptions were sometimes made in the case of the Colonial market, as in 1698, when, for a year, the export of corn, malt, meal, flour, bread, biscuit and starch was prohibited, except to certain British possessions. It is interesting, in connexion with Canada's present policy of granting preferences to English goods, to note, in Mr. Pittar's exhaustive description of the Corn Duties, that the Canadian Legislature, early in the Forties, imposed a duty of 3s. a quarter on such of her wheat imports as came from places other than the United Kingdom or British Possessions. In return for this favour the English Parliament, in 1843, enacted that the import duty on wheat and wheat-flour from Canada should be a fixed tariff of a shilling per quarter, as against the sliding-scale duty equal in 1843 to 20s. a quarter on foreign wheat, and to 5s. a quarter on wheat from the other British Possessions which had not given the Mother Country this preferential trade arrangement. This shilling duty on Canadian wheat was applied to all Colonial wheat in the notorious Corn Law Repeal Act of 1846. In 1849 the duty on foreign wheat was reduced to the same figure, and all preference to the Colonial corn was thereby destroyed, as the Colonial shilling was maintained until, in 1869, the corn duties were entirely abolished in respect to both foreign and Colonial importations.

This miserable policy of Mr. Gladstone constitutes a disastrous chapter in our Imperial history. Looking back on it, and remembering the neglect of the far-off provinces of the Empire which were struggling into life, and the persistent snubbing with which their loyalty was received in Downing Street on every possible occasion; remembering too how the English people followed Downing Street's lead, and starved the Colonies of men and capital—one marvels that there is any Empire left at this end of the century. That it should be big and strong and in the main flourishing is a glorious assu-

rance for the future, when Imperialism shall again be an established idea in British statesmanship. The same facts also set us wondering what the trade and development of the Empire would have been to-day if, for example, the system of preferential duties had not been destroyed by the Little Englanders of the middle of the century. Certainly in such case we should not now be cowering before foreign competition to the extent that circumstances now seem to justify.

Mr. Gladstone and his allies are entitled to plead, in extenuation of their astounding conduct towards the Colonies, that they treated the British manufacturer and producer just as badly. The repeal of the Corn Laws and the gradual destruction of the country's tariff system in respect to other articles are proof enough of this. They went carefully out of their way to inflict harm—as the Customs Duties left over from the wreck show. The exigencies of taxation for revenue made it almost compulsory that some import duties should be retained. The Cobdenites in authority have selected just those articles which do not compete with home manufactures, and they have piled the duty exclusively upon them. Had tea and coffee instead of corn been grown in England, there is no doubt that tea and coffee would have been exempted from duty, and corn would have been mulcted. The result of this system is that the whole of the duty is paid by the British consumer, instead of—as is the case where the duty is placed upon an article in which British producers compete—being paid, wholly or in part, by the foreigner who brings his goods into the British market. Thus does your Cobdenite guard the interests of the consumer before whom he grovels in perpetual unctuous devotion!

At times the endeavour to avoid at all costs giving the slightest aid to the home producer becomes grotesque. Such, for instance, is the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone rearranging the Tobacco duties in 1863. The question of the tariff as it concerned the manufacture of cigars gave him great uneasiness, and plunged him into the intricacies of alternative calculations. But let me quote Mr. Pittar on the subject,—

"It will at once be perceived from a consideration of these two calculations how all-important was the question of moisture. In the one case the manufacturer would pay duty at 3s. 2d. a pound on about 12 lbs. of water, and in the other upon 23 lbs. of water. The object of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was—so far as was possible in the case of an article bearing a very high rate of duty—to avoid extending a protective duty to the British manufacturer, whilst at the same time bearing in mind that he would be obliged to work under official supervision and to manipulate an article which was liable to a good deal of waste in the process of manufacture—waste, on every ounce of which a duty five times as great as the intrinsic value of the article had been levied." So "it became necessary to fix a drawback upon exported cigars and manufactured tobaccos of British make which would do the manufacturers justice, but would not act as a bounty by returning to them, upon the exportation of their wares, a greater sum than they had paid upon the raw material." The amount eventually fixed was not even an equivalent, and the manufacturers "urged that the rate of duty proposed to be levied upon the manufactured article was not sufficient to cover their losses in working with a raw material upon which so onerous a rate of import duty as 3s. 2d. per lb. was levied." The Treasury was obliged to admit the justice of this complaint, and they made an awkward and unsuccessful attempt at reparation by granting a drawback upon the export of snuff. Could anything be more pitiable than this spectacle of the Chancellor of the Exchequer beating his brains in the concoction of a tariff duty which should not leave the home manufacturer the slightest loophole for getting an advantage over his foreign rivals?

Those portions of Mr. Pittar's history which deal with the coal export duty are likewise very suggestive in the light of modern needs. The increase in the output of coal was already attaining such proportions in the early part of the last century that the State became alarmed, and in 1714 imposed an export duty of 5s. per chaldron on coal exported in foreign bottoms and of 3s. when in British bottoms, British plantations being exempted.

But what would the Government of that day have done had it been confronted with the enormous output for export witnessed at the end of the following century? One of the most serious economic problems of to-day, as Jevons and Mr. Leonard Courtney have reminded us, is the wild depletion of our coal reserve which is now in progress and is ever becoming swifter. And the problem is accentuated by the circumstance that the extra output is mainly for the export trade. Only the other day came news of the projected opening of yet more pits in the Lancashire coal-fields, and last year's output of nearly 200,000,000 tons is like to be exceeded next year. In spite of our vast stores the end must come within some measurable distance of time, unless our colliery proprietors practise greater care. But of this there is little hope unless they are prompted by one of two factors—the extending competition of foreign coal-fields or the re-imposition by the Government of the duty on the export of coal. The former factor is already beginning to operate, but it would certainly be wise to put the other into operation also. Our industrial supremacy was built up on the possession of coal: is it likely to last when our coal-fields are depleted, and we have to depend upon the foreigner for his raw material? At the least the State should promote economy in output when that output is destined, not for home consumption, but for the benefit of England's industrial rivals.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

BLUEBELLS.

THE weight of ungenial days has been heavy upon this spring, and all the buds and bells of May are behind their time. We generally look to have warm days before mid-May; not a great succession of them, perhaps, but now and again, and in welcome increase, those golden afternoons that anticipate summer. So far however we have enjoyed no such days. The sting in the wind has kept us in our walks to leeward of the hedges; and to lie out in the sun has been to invite a shivering fit. The swallows are here, and the cuckoo is calling all day; but only within the last week the morning meadows have been silvered with frost.

Still, the blossom of the year, though it may be delayed, is not withheld; and so here we are in the midst of the fairy week of apple-blossom, the latest and most beautiful of all our orchard flowers. The snow-white of the pear and plum blossom and the slightly tinted cherry petals have fallen, and already the fruit is well set, and promises a splendid season. But the wonderful white and red of the apple orchards (rusting to the fall, I suppose in the southern counties) is in full beauty here in midland latitudes; and of all the loveliness that rural England holds for us there is surely none more glorious than that of apple orchards flushed with blossom.

The wild flowers of the spring have not been so far behind the calendar. The three great landmarking flowers of the early year are the daffodil, the primrose and the wild hyacinth. Other flowers come in single loveliness, or in small clusters almost hidden from the eye. You must look for violets if you want them. Anemones, most fragile of all April blossoms, droop over their three-leaved stems in the dainty seclusion of woodland recesses. But the other three come, not single spies, but in multitudinous beauty, giving their colour to the whole landscape. Daffodils are gone, and the primrose will be only a memory in a few days, but the wild hyacinth is at the height of its profusion. By every country road you get glimpses "that seem the heavens upbreking through the earth," hillsides and upland meadows paved with blue, or beech groves where the universal colour is toned down into violet by the woodland shadow. Lovely as they are in the mass, the individual beauty of each separate flower is beyond the power of words. The arch of the stem, the exquisite shade of contrast between the deeper blue of the outer side of the bell and the lighter blue seen where the petal curves at the bell-mouth, the faint and delicate perfume that is the soul of this so wonderful body—who can speak of these things without breaking out into George Eliot's ejaculation, "Why not pray to such lovely things as these?"

With the passing of the wild hyacinth the sequence of the spring earth-flowers closes, and the year begins to lift its wealth of blossom from the ground. Haw-

thorn and the great spikes of chestnut blossom, lilac in fragrant clusters, and the downward flame of laburnum—these come with the warmer days and lead us on to the time of poppies and the hedgerow rose. But the magical secret of spring is lost in the hot triumph of full summer. There is an indefinable coarsening of the year. The wild rose is very beautiful, with the drone of heavy bees about it; and the scarlet flare of field on field of poppies is magnificent. But it is not the spring. It is full accomplishment: it withholds nothing. The sweetness of unfulfilled dreams has gone out of the year. It is like a successful man of forty. The hyacinths are best.

H.

THE BURMO-CHINESE FRONTIER.

AT the close of our last war with Burmah a proclamation was issued, under which King Theebaw's dominions were annexed to our Indian Empire. Since then we have ceded Mung Lem and Kiang Hung, containing an area of fully 15,000 square miles, to China, and portions of Kiang Tung to Siam and to France. Our Burmese dominions are now less by about 18,000 square miles than they were at the time of the annexation of Upper Burma, and, by a series of encroachments, France has replaced Siam as our neighbour to the east of the Burmese Shan States. Our joint frontier with French Indo-China is defined by the Mekong, and it is now officially announced that a Commission is about to be formed for delimiting the Burmo-Chinese frontier.

The actual condition of affairs previously to the signature of the Burmo-Chinese Boundary Convention of 1894, which has been modified by the recent Agreement, can be explained as follows: When McLeod proceeded on a Government of India Mission to Kiang Hung in 1837, he found that Burma was the acknowledged suzerain of that State, although its chief paid tribute to China in the same way that the chief of Luang Prabang, then feudatory to Siam, paid tribute both to China and Annam. Thirty years later, when the French Mission passed through Kiang Hung during their exploration of the Mekong, that State was shown by the explorers on their maps as part of the Burmese Empire. As the paths along which the tribute had to be conveyed to Peking had been closed during the Taiping and Mahomedan rebellions, Kiang Hung for many years had ceased to be tributary to China. In the same way, the French map of Yunnan, which was compiled from Chinese and French sources in 1871-73, depicted Kiang Hung and Mung Lem within the Burmese dominions and outside the frontier of China. This map was accepted as correct, and republished, "with some omissions and a few alterations by Mr. C. de Berigny," in 1891, by the Chinese Imperial Maritime Customs, and published with their Annual Reports and Returns of Trade. To remove any possible doubts on the subject, the French Government had the portion of Kiang Hung lying to the east of the Mekong explored and roughly surveyed by the Pavie Missions of 1886-91. The map compiled by these Missions was published in 1892 in Schrader's "L'Année Cartographique." It shows that the whole of Kiang Hung (including in its boundary the spaces covered by Mong Wu, Wu-te, and Pa-fa-chai, all of which were wrongfully ceded by China to France in 1895) lay entirely outside China, and outside the French possessions of Luang Prabang and Tongking, within the "Pays Shan," or Burmese Shan States. It is, therefore, indisputable that Kiang Hung formed part of King Theebaw's dominions when we annexed them.

Again, at the time we acquired Upper Burma, King Theebaw, whose heirs we are by conquest, had as good ground for claiming suzerainty over the so-called Chinese Shan States, lying to the east of Bhamo, as China possessed for claiming tribute from any of the States pertaining to Burma. On and off for centuries, as Burmah was weak or powerful, these Chinese Shan States had been incorporated in the Burmese Empire, and the last we hear of them in Sir Arthur Phayre's "History of Burma" is that they were reunited to Burma in 1767. Two years later, when the Chinese for the last time invaded Burma, their armies were defeated, hedged in, and sued for peace. The Treaty of Peace was, accordingly, signed on December 13, 1769.

Such was the condition of affairs when the Burmo-Chinese Boundary Convention of 1894 was being negotiated. During these negotiations China "vamped up" her case with many absurd claims which had either been always scouted by Burma or had never been brought forward since the close of the last Burmo-Chinese war. Instead of treating such bogus claims as France or Russia would have treated them, our Foreign Office entertained them, and even failed to raise as a set-off our claims to suzerainty over the so-called Chinese Shan States. Our case was, in fact, given away, and that of China was accepted as the grounds on which to base the Convention. We not only gave up our rights in the Chinese Shan States, but also, without any *quid pro quo* whatever, we ceded Northern Theinni and the State of Kokang to China, and, "in consideration of the abandonment of the claims advanced by China" over portions of Burma Proper neighbouring the Chinese Shan States, we agreed to renounce our suzerain rights over the States of Mung Lem and Kiang Hung, which were as undoubtedly British as Luang Prabang was French at the time the Convention was signed.

It is well known that the real reason why we ceded Mung Lem and Kiang Hung to China—in face of the protests of our mercantile and manufacturing community—was that they might form part of the Buffer State that the French Government had originally proposed should be erected out of these States and part of Luang Prabang, to sever the British dominions from French Indo-China. It was not until the Franco-Chinese Boundary Convention of the following year was signed—which not only retained the whole of Luang Prabang for France, but also broke the Anglo-Chinese Convention by ceding three districts of Kiang Hung to France—that we became aware that the Buffer State project had been put forward by France merely as a ruse to lead us to relinquish our rights over Kiang Hung to China, so that that State might, in whole or in part, be subsequently comprised within the French Indo-Chinese Empire.

It remained to be seen what punishment we should mete out to China for her flagrant breach of faith. Naturally every one expected that we should resume our suzerainty over the whole territory we had ceded to China: particularly over Mung Lem and Kiang Hung, which had been safeguarded under the broken proviso. This would, however, have been merely taking back the favours we had conferred. We should have forced China to cede to us her rights over the Chinese Shan States, lying between Burma and the Mekong, all of which had formerly, at one time or other, been feudatory to Burma. Instead of taking this course, we have injured our prestige—which is worth armies to us in the Far East—by inflicting practically no punishment upon China. We have even allowed China to retain possession of Mung Lem and Kiang Hung under the same frail proviso as previously, and without any penal clause, and have contented ourselves with resuming possession of Northern Theinni and Kokang—districts where the mountains rise to between 7000 and 8000 feet above sea-level, and are occupied by Kachyins and other wild tribes—and with two minor rectifications of the frontier in the Kachyin Hills, which will enable us to control the Kachyins on the Sansi route, and on the embassy route, both leading from Bhamo to Momein, the nearest town in China Proper. Under the pretence that the Chinese Government was responsible for the conduct of the rebels who attacked a German Mission Station, Germany has acquired a magnificent harbour, large railway and mining concessions, and more than a thousand square miles of Chinese territory as a German zone of influence; whereas we, for a very real, intentional, and insulting breach of our treaty have not even gained leave (let alone concessions) for pushing our Burmese railways across our frontier into China.

HOLT S. HALLETT.

WHY I OUGHT NOT TO HAVE BECOME A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

EVERYONE delighted in G. B. S. Even they who were his targets snatched an awful joy in the illicit study of his writings, and will have heaved a sigh, not wholly of relief, at the news of his resignation. I

am disappointed at that stroke of fate which has eclipsed the gaiety of green-rooms. Of all his readers none mourns G. B. S. more inconsolably than I, his pious successor. For, with all his faults—grave though they are and not to be counted on the fingers of one hand—he is, I think, by far the most brilliant and remarkable journalist in London, and, in succeeding him, I labour not merely under my own modesty, but also under the impatience of the public before me. I am in the predicament of the minor music-hall artiste sent on as an "extra-turn," tremulously facing the prolonged thunder of calls for the "star" who has just sung. A pathetic smile, a little gesture of appeal—and the thunder, still rumbling round the distant gallery, gradually subsides. My voice is audible at length. But it is not much of a voice. My song, also, is not much of a song.

I will not raise in my readers hopes which I cannot realise for them. It is best to be quite frank. Frankly, I have none of that instinctive love for the theatre which is the first step towards good criticism of drama. I am not fond of the theatre. Dramatic art interests and moves me less than any of the other arts. I am happy among pictures, and, being a constant intruder into studios, have learnt enough to know that I know nothing whatever about painting—knowledge which, had I taken to what is called "art-criticism," would have set me head-and-shoulders above the great majority of my colleagues. Of music I have a genuine, though quite unenlightened, love. Literature I love best of all, and I have some knowledge of its technicalities. I can talk intelligently about it. I have my little theories about it. But in drama I take, unfortunately, neither emotional nor intellectual pleasure. I am innocent of any theories on the subject. I shall have to vamp up my first principles as I go along, and they will probably be all wrong and all dull. For I have never even acquired any lore in this kind of criticism. I could not test a theory nor quote a line of Hazlitt, Lamb, Lewes and the rest, whose essays in dramatic criticism I have never read. I have, however, a fragmentary recollection of Aristotle's fragment on the drama, which I read for "Mods." The examiners, if I remember rightly, marked my paper "gamma-minus-query"—a clear proof that even in my adolescence I was not stage-struck. Ignorance of the ideas expressed by previous critics is not, I admit, in itself a grave defect. It may even be an advantage, as making cerebration compulsory, and so giving freshness to one's style. Likewise, I can imagine that a man who had never been in a theatre might, were he suddenly sent forth as a dramatic critic, be able to write really charming and surprising and instructive things about the stage. But my readers must not look for any freshness or cerebration from me. I could find my way blindfold about every theatre in the metropolis, and could recite backwards most of the successful plays that have been produced in the last ten years. Though I have no theoretic knowledge of the drama, I am a rich mine of theatrical gossip, and I know (and do not dispute) all the current judgments on actor Tom, playwright Dick, and stage-manager Harry. Out of my very cradle I stepped upon the fringe of the theatrical world, and my familiarity with the theatre has been a matter of circumstance rather than of choice. I remember being really bored by a play on the evening of my tenth birthday. That a visit to the theatre can be regarded, as it is regarded by some men to their dying day, as a treat, has always bewildered and baffled my imagination. In the whole world, no phenomenon is so inexplicable to me as a queue of men and women at a pit-door. I am not, fortunately, a person of expensive habits, but I confess that I have never regarded any theatre as much more than the conclusion to a dinner or the prelude to a supper. It appeals to me to think that in future I shall be obliged to keep my attention fixed, never taking my eyes from the stage except to make a note upon my cuff. I, who have never left a theatre with any definite impression of pleasure or displeasure, am curious to know how on earth I am going to fill so much as half a column of this paper, week by week, with my impressions. My self-respect and my ignorance of bygone formulæ of drama will prevent me from the otherwise easy task of being an academic critic. I shall not be able to branch off, like G. B. S., into dis-

cussions of ethical, theological or political questions, for on such questions I am singularly ill-informed. I have not that we considered attitude towards life which gave a kind of unity to G. B. S.'s worst inconsistencies about art. In a word, I don't quite know what to do with the torch that G. B. S. has handed to me.

Of the literary quality in any play, I shall perhaps be able to say something, but I shall be hopelessly out of my depth in criticising the play itself. The mere notion of criticising the players simply terrifies me, not because I know (as, indeed, I do) nothing about the art of acting, but because I have the pleasure of personal acquaintance with so many players. One well-known player and manager is my near relative. Who will not smile if I praise him? How could I possibly disparage him? Will it not be hard for me to praise his rivals? If I do anything but praise them, what will become of the purity of the Press? Most of the elder actors patted me on the head and given me sixpence when I was "only so high." Even if, with an air of incorruptibility, I now return them their sixpences, they will yet expect me to pat *them* on the head in the "Saturday Review." Many of the younger actors were at school with me. They will expect me to criticise them as an old playmate should. With most of the others I have, at least, a nodding acquaintance. To one of them I had nodded so often that, only the other day, we wrote a play together—a play which, by the way, no manager will now be able to accept, lest he be thought venal. How can I criticise the acting of a collaborator? If I do not care for one of his impersonations, how can I do ought but write an eulogy in these columns and put my true opinion into a sealed envelope to be opened after my decease and immediately destroyed? My whole position is unfortunate. I have the satiric temperament: when I am laughing at anyone I am generally rather amusing, but when I am praising anyone, I am always deadly dull. Now, such is the weakness of my character that I cannot say in print anything against a personal acquaintance. I think I have met all the habitual playwrights in my time. Therefore, in criticising an average production, I shall be obliged to confine myself to slating such members of the cast as I have never met. If they have acted well, this will undoubtedly be hard on them. Even if they have not acted well—and I for one shall not know whether they have or not—their punishment will be out of all due proportion. The only advice I can offer them, meanwhile, is that they should make haste and meet me.

It has struck me, in reading this article, that I have not given my readers much hope of edification. Let them console themselves with the reflection that they are less to be pitied than I am. I shall miss G. B. S. quite as much as they will, and they will not be compelled to read the articles which I *shall* be compelled to write. This absurd post which I have accepted will interfere with my freedom in life, and is quite likely to spoil and exhaust such talent as I might otherwise be exercising in literary art. However, I will not complain. The Editor of this paper has come to me as Romeo came to the apothecary, and what he wants I give him for the apothecary's reason. I daresay that there are many callings more uncomfortable and dispiriting than that of dramatic critic. To be a porter on the Underground Railway must, I have often thought, be very terrible. Whenever I feel myself sinking under the stress of my labours, I shall say to myself, "I am not a porter on the Underground Railway." MAX.

LIFE ASSURANCE DEVELOPMENTS.—XII.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.

ONE of the most important reports of the year is that of the Scottish Widows' Fund. It is the largest office transacting life insurance business among a class of people taking fairly large policies. The average amount of the new policies issued is about £715, as compared with an average of £102 in the ordinary branch of the Prudential, which in point of magnitude is its nearest competitor. Writing of the Society's endowment assurances more than three years ago we said that "very few of the seventy-five offices transacting ordinary life assurance business can offer an

equal prospect to their members. Another very important consideration from an investor's point of view is that there is probably no office which is more likely to maintain its prosperity." Since this was written four annual reports and one valuation report have been filed by the Society with the Board of Trade. These documents tend to confirm and emphasise the remarks we previously made. At the time we wrote the company was valuing on a $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. basis, but at its last valuation the reserve was increased so as to make it equivalent to a valuation by the H^m mortality table with interest at 3 per cent. This, of course, adds greatly to the strength of the Society's position, and increases the prospect of maintaining the good rate of bonus that the Society has preserved for so long.

Not only has the rate of bonus been good, but the bonus system is a particularly satisfactory one. It is the present practice of the Society to declare every seven years a bonus in the form of a reversionary addition to the policy at the rate of 34s. per cent. per annum upon the sums assured and previous bonuses for every premium paid during the valuation period. Thus if a policy is taken in the first year of a valuation period for £1000, there is at the end of seven years an addition of 34s. per cent., or £17 per thousand, for each of the seven years; this amounts to a bonus of £119. In the second period of seven years there is an addition of 34s. per cent. per annum calculated upon the £1119 instead of merely upon the original £1000. This amounts to £133, thus increasing the policy to £1252, which is the amount upon which the third bonus is calculated, and so the bonus goes on increasing with the duration of the policy. This system is generally recognised as dealing justly with the contributions to surplus made by policies of various ages and durations, at the same time that it is a simple one to understand.

The Society makes its valuations every seven years, and this would be a long time to wait for a bonus were it not for the exceptionally liberal conditions that the Company adopted at its last valuation in regard to bonuses on policies that become claims between one valuation and the next. The management state in effect, though not in so many words, that "the position of the Society is now so strong that it is practically certain that the next bonus will maintain the existing rate of 34s. per cent.; therefore we are perfectly safe in promising a bonus of 32s. per cent. instead of 29s. as formerly for each premium paid during the current valuation period on policies that for any reason become claims before the next valuation." This is a promise that could only be fairly made by a company abundantly confident of the strength of its position and of its future prospects. How well those expectations as to the future are justified may be seen on comparing some of the principal points of the Society's position.

The provision for future expenses and profits amounts to 26·2 per cent. of the premium income, that is to say, the Company in calculating the present value of the future premiums reckons that it will receive the premiums on the average at only £73·8 for every £100 which under the policies in force the policyholders will have to pay. This margin is set aside to provide for future expenses which only amount to 10·2 per cent. of the premium income. There is thus a contribution to profits from this source alone of about 16 per cent. of the premium income, a proportion which a comparison with other offices shows to be exceptionally large.

The second source of profits depends upon the extent to which the rate of interest earned upon the funds exceeds the rate assumed in the valuation. During the last valuation period the average rate earned upon the funds was £4 4s. 4d., and although it is probable that this rate of interest will not be maintained, it still remains likely that the difference between the rate assumed and the rate earned will be as great, if not greater, than formerly, and this is the important point to consider. The valuation rate has been reduced from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 3 per cent., and it is scarcely likely that the rate earned will fall to the extent of half per cent. for some while to come.

The third principal source of profit is in the mortality experienced being less than the mortality provided for by the Tables employed in making the valuation. In

an admirably clear report by Mr. Turnbull, the manager and actuary of the Society, some details are given about the mortality actually experienced by the Society, and the facts there stated show that a very considerable profit has resulted from the low rate of mortality experienced. The annual report that has recently been issued gives some further details on this point for the year 1897, showing that while the number of deaths provided for was 843, the actual number was only 579, or $31\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. less than the mortality Table contemplates. This is testimony to the care exercised in the medical examination and selection of lives, and supplies a further instance of the care with which the business of the office is managed and the scrupulous regard that is paid to the welfare of existing policy-holders. There is a natural desire to see the business of a company grow as rapidly as possible, but in 1897 something like 20 per cent. of the amount of the proposals were either declined or not completed, thus showing that the company does not hesitate to refuse any new assurers who fail to come up to the high standard required by the medical officers of the Society.

The consideration of the Society's position in regard to mortality, interest and provision for expenses shows that, under all three heads, a margin is provided calculated to show a large surplus when the next valuation is made at the end of 1901. When to an analysis of the Company's present position we add the fact that for the past twenty-one years the bonus has been at the rate of 34s. per cent. per annum, and that the average rate since 1831 is within a penny of this 34s. bonus, we find abundant reason for expecting the continuance of the same prosperity with greater confidence than is possible in cases where the past has been less uniform or the present less conclusively satisfactory.

THE OPERA.

I HAVE a kindness for Mr. Mancinelli. He reminds me for ever of the good man struggling with adversity. He is emphatically, from the conductor's point of view, a good man, a man of musical virtue, of high musical principle, and great musical energy. He has a personality which he always succeeds in realising, whether you like the realisation or not. But, like many good men, he is so impatient to be impeccable that he cannot restrain himself from petulance, reproach and humiliation in the progress towards perfection. That is quite a serious pity, for it stands to reason that when a man has done his best to attain a certain end, he should not pine or be sad if there are faults fallen like withered flowers on the wayside. Mr. Mancinelli, however, insists upon pining, and upon reproaching when he does not reach the goal of his endeavour. Last Friday's performance of "Tannhäuser" is a case in point. He stretched me upon a rack of nervousness with scarcely a chance of incidental recovery. He rapped on his desk, he played on electric bells, he bade his forces to accomplish this or that feat, and he expressed his disapproval when things went wrong with more than permissible articulateness. He was really doing quite well; but he seemed to find it necessary to utter his grievances aloud, possibly to his own satisfaction, but to the anguish of those who were near him. This good man struggling with adversity showed you a perfect pilgrim's progress of trial and endurance and visible exertion before he arrived at the Castle Beautiful of Silence. Surely to do this is deliberately to lose the battle when it might have been won with the greatest ease. There was much in this "Tannhäuser" which was conceived and executed by Mr. Mancinelli with grave sympathy and skill; but his impatience was all-destructive, and I have scarcely the patience to discuss rationally an interpretation which was spoiled by so small a defect.

It cannot be said that the staging was any more successful than it was last year or in any previous year. Indeed it seemed to me that the change of scene in the first act was even more frankly primitive in its arrangement than it had even been before. The wild career of darkly clad figures, looking like goblins in the subdued light, whirling crosses in, removing footstools, arranging trunks of trees, was a sad destruction of verisimilitude, while the whistlings and hootings at every point of the business made one almost glad to think that

Wagner was not alive to say again in his weary way, that he had never seen "*his* Tannhäuser." The "Tannhäuser" was Mr. Van Dyck, who has reached a pitch of energy and restlessness on the stage that is almost alarming; he was fiery, impulsive, dashing, tragic, but he was exceedingly fearsome and nerve-thrilling. I never know when Mr. Van Dyck is going to accomplish some feat impossible in an ordinary way to men and angels. I expect him to tear down rocks, to kick away castles, to twist his foot round his neck, to do any marvel which may be supposed momentarily to express the height of his fervour and the immensity of his emotion. It would be impossible to imagine a man more constantly at fever-heat. Yet it would be equally impossible to deny him great, even singular, talents. Once you can forgive the curious method of note production by which he seems to approach the right pitch with infinite approximations yet without quite reaching it—may I call him a musical asymptote?—there is no doubt that he has a fine voice, with plenty of capacity for dramatic expression, and that, within limits, he acts naturally and forcibly. Miss Pacary's Elizabeth was distinctly attractive, not perhaps powerful or single enough in quality—I mean that she did not carry with her any great sense of the unity of the character, but she sang with great nobility of diction and with every sign of careful preparation. Miss Ganne's Venus, though perhaps somewhat of the Christmas-card type, was satisfactory in so far as she was not of the vast order of Venuses who show their charms abroad upon square yards upon square yards of the circumambient air. She sang prettily, and her fall upon the couch in the first act was a little masterpiece of foresight. The chorus was as usual, with the saving exception that in the first act it sang in tune. M. Renaud's Wolfram was as carefully conceived, as beautifully considered, as ever it has been; but I confess that I sometimes sigh under the burthen of method. Satisfactory as it may seem from many points of view that an artist should prepare everything carefully, it is impossible sometimes not to mourn that spontaneity cannot live with such an art as this. When M. Renaud spreads abroad his delicate fingers you have an instinctive feeling that he has practised the posture down to its last perfections. It is admirable, but is it merry or exhilarating? So "Tannhäuser," as performed the other day, leaves me with mixed feelings; it was a curious medley of good and bad, and there's an end of it.

"Die Meistersinger" brought us a well-known cast in a version too well cut. After all, I do not blame Covent Garden very severely for its cutting. The opera in London is supported by subscribers, and they, being subscribers, insist upon a British dinner at a British hour. Therefore it is perilous to begin even at such an hour as half-past seven; but that the syndicate, in a crowded hour of bravery, insists upon, and so we have to get through our "Meistersinger" as best we may. By way of compensation we get the finest cast of singers that can possibly be imagined from among the present generation. Jean de Reszke's Walther is finely chivalrous from the dramatic aspect and beautifully sung. Madame Eames as Eva always has my most cordial admiration. She is as pure and as dignified as woman can be in her vocal accomplishment. Perhaps she is a little remote, a little—what shall I say?—too much of the vestal in her drama; but she is engrossing, and all her preparation is full of imagination and thought. M. Edouard de Reszke's Hans Sachs is an old story, but he told it over again with energy, with beauty and with all distinction. In a word, if you can forgive the mutilation of the opera, there are a thousand delights in store for anybody who cares about the details less than the coherent whole of the opera, as those details are given at Covent Garden. A word is necessary on the cast of "Faust," which was given on Wednesday. Miss Suzanne Adams as Marguerite was sweet, tender and quite charming, but she needs power and a greater self-confidence. Mr. Edouard de Reszke's Mefistopheles was magnificent, and more than that no critic can say. Mr. Van Dyck is to me quite an uninteresting Faust, but his powers were throughout apparent.

I hear that the new musical critic of the "World" is Mr. C. L. Graves, who has long been known

as an excellent humourist, both in general literature and in music. I should, for the sake of literal accuracy, like Mr. Graves to read his proofs with greater care than he at present shows. Does he know that Gluck's name is not spelled Glück? Does he know where to place his "both" and his "and" in a sentence? If he speaks of the opera as "Orfée"—terrible hybrid!—why does he write of Brema as "Orpheus"? Does he know that "Amor" is neither French nor Italian? Does he know that the Nuremberg poet was Hans Sachs and not Hans Sach? These are matters about which I care not one rap personally; but when one remembers how these points have been made in the past by a certain body of critics the be-all and end-all of musical criticism it is as well that this particular critic should be convicted—not of ignorance: that is the last and silliest charge—of carelessness, where had he found the fault in another, he would have described it as unpardonable inaccuracy. V. B.

THE MILANESE SCHOOL AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

I HAVE been forced to leave over till now any notice of this interesting exhibition—interesting not only because, as always with the Club's collections, the pictures are brought together for the better study of a particular school, but because the material thus brought together is held to throw light on a much-debated question, the authenticity of the version of Leonardo's "Vierge aux Rochers" in the National Gallery. The author of the thoroughly informed and well-arranged introduction to the catalogue, Mr. Herbert Cook, holds the problem for finally solved, and advances the evidence which leads him to attribute our picture to Ambrogio de Predis.

Before discussing these arguments, let us look at the Exhibition generally. It contains a few pictures that would hold their own in any general meeting of the schools; others that have their interest rather as belonging to illustrious names better illustrated elsewhere; others yet that are mere documents for the history of a school, valuable for comparison when it comes to sorting out the master's work from the imitator's, and for practising the eye in such discrimination. One often hears painters make sport of the students who have engaged in this discriminating work. The laugh is really the other way. When a man who would be ashamed to be taken in by a modern imitator of a modern master confesses his disbelief in the possibility of arriving at the same kind of fineness of eye with regard to an ancient, it means that he does not know his ancient well. He may not have the time or inclination to qualify himself, but he ought to be grateful to those whose scholarly researches constitute one of the defences of masterpieces.

Under the first head would come the splendidly characteristic profile given to Foppa (No. 5), a racy work of the period before Leonardo came to Milan and drew all men to him. Here is an art absolutely satisfactory in its kind; it has not the preoccupation and the trouble of more profoundly moved or more distracted schools, but it is a sturdy account of a man completely done. Later in the collection, and presumably after Leonardo's transformation of the school, is a portrait comparable with this, the profile (No. 48) here attributed to Boltraffio. There may be Boltraffios unknown to me that connect it with his work; it looks less like the painting of Leonardo's favourite, and more like the work of a Milanese, who reflected in the later period, but in gentler terms, the original art of his province. In any case it is a beautiful work, in the delicacy of its drawing and simplicity of its pale colouring. Then there is the beautiful portrait of a woman by Luini (No. 34) already exhibited at the New Gallery, and of fine imitative work the "Vierge on bas-relief," now given to Cesare de Sesto.

Under the second head would fall the early Sodoma, the Solario of Mr. Kay, and a Gaudenzio Ferrari (No. 53). Sodoma and Gaudenzio must remain in this country, for lack of prime examples, always a good deal below their rightful rank, and in the places where they can be seen perhaps a little above it, from an absence of direct comparison with other masters. The recollection of Gaudenzio's painting in the church at

Varallo remains a very strong one, out of all relation to what may be seen over here, though even in the picture here and that at the National Gallery, so much decried, there is an original charm in the colours of the landscape background. Sodoma, in some of his frescoes at and near Siena (the "Presentation of the Virgin" in the chapel of San Bernardino particularly) comes near Raphael as a grandiose stage-manager, and, as may happen with the follower, the conception of Leonardo in his hands sometimes flowers in a head whose charm is scarcely to be equalled in the master's own work. Thus, in an "Adoration," at Siena, Leonardo's youth as one of the three kings, appears in a moment of sweet gravity, halting just this side of the touch of grimace that threatened the strained research of his inventor.

I must pass over a number of other men, and come at once to Ambrogio de Predis. This painter, who was rediscovered by Morelli, is known to have been court painter to Ludovico Sforza, miniaturist, designer of tapestries and so forth. A recently discovered document associates his name with that of Leonardo in the work on the altarpiece, a central picture with side wings representing angels, which was executed for a confraternity in Milan. Leonardo and Ambrogio were dissatisfied with the price offered them, and petitioned to have the matter submitted to arbitration. It is not known how the dispute ended, but it might seem from the petition that another patron was willing to give the sum demanded by the artists. Now there are two pictures in existence, one the "Vierge aux Rochers," of the Louvre, the other the picture in the National Gallery, which claim to be the authentic work by Leonardo. No one disputes that the Louvre picture is a genuine Leonardo, and it has been in the French royal collection since the time of Francis I. Our picture at the time it was bought by Gavin Hamilton was still at Milan along with the two wings, now at Milan, but shortly to be added to the National Gallery. The weight of modern critical opinion, that of Morelli, Frizzoni, Richter, &c., has pronounced against our picture. On the other side are ranged the late director, Sir Frederic Burton, and the present director, Sir Edward Poynter. The discussion between Dr. Richter and these gentlemen will be found in the "Art Journal" and "Nineteenth Century," for 1894. Dr. Richter's suggestion, which very neatly accounts for the facts, is that in the end the original picture went to an agent of the French King, and that Leonardo had a second version executed by a pupil, for the confraternity, at the lower price, and that this version is the National Gallery picture.

So much for the trampled ground of the documents. The decision must really rest on the internal evidence of the pictures themselves, and it is this that has led the newer school of critics to condemn the National Gallery picture. Dr. Richter, in a moment of extravagance doubtless caused by the heat of conflict, has called this "an entirely wretched performance." That is an absurd description of a picture which, in the absence of the Louvre example, we should all accept as one of the world's masterpieces. Both pictures are in a wretched condition, and the upholders of the authenticity of the London version contend that it is extensive repainting that obscures the hand of Leonardo. They also make a strong point of the fact that it is clearly no copy, but a variant of the design,* in many small particulars, but especially in the figure of the angel.

This is clear enough, and also that this variation in the angel is, as far as conception goes, an improvement. One can imagine Leonardo, on second thoughts, judging that the Louvre angel drew too much attention to himself by his pointing hand, and was better within the picture with downcast eyes than when inviting the attention of the spectator by his regard. In conception, but when we pass to actual drawing and painting, the case alters. Put photographs of the two pictures side by side, and in every head and feature, in the action of the bodies, in the treatment of landscape detail, the London picture is a little heavier and thicker, less

nervous and living. It is not a difference of repaintings in parts, but one that holds throughout.

There is another consideration that none of the disputants, I think, has brought forward. The character of the painting itself differs. In the London picture it is a heavier hand, a thicker painting. Leonardo, as we may see from his work itself, as well as from the records, was a draughtsman who fought out drawing to its extremest limits, who admired the further reach of modelling attainable by painting, but for his own part hesitated and drew back when the moment for painting came. I believe that he hated having to paint; in the few works he did paint the reluctance shows, the "St. Jerome" unfinished, the "Adoration" unfinished, the "Last Supper" barely finished, the "Mona Lisa" dragging on for years. When he did force himself to paint he painted so as to the very least possible extent to obliterate his cartoon, "veli sopra veli," as Lomazzo says, with glaze over glaze of veiling. This is so true that in his authentic work we can trace the changes of design he made in the course of painting. For Leonardo was not content to make a score of studies for a work, and to hammer out his cartoon as we see in the "St. Anne" at the Academy; he altered his design afterwards on the panel itself. In the other version of the "St. Anne" at the Louvre, for an example, he has repainted one of the feet in a new position, in the "Mona Lisa" there are several alterations traceable. In the Louvre "Vierge aux Rochers" the same never-satisfied research is to be found, and in the uninjured parts his characteristic painting. The right hand of the Vierge is a part where this painting may be found, as in the neighbouring picture of "St. John the Baptist," a work that the critics have so oddly taken away from the master. And in the figure of the angel may be traced those alterations that seem to be inevitable in a Leonardo. As far as I can make out, the wings were originally in another position, for across the present design there appears a curious form, like a rock with green fernery upon it, or a wing with bright feathers. This must have come through, or been laid bare since the older engravings were executed, for in them it does not appear; now it shows a point of brilliant colour, either of the original landscape setting, or of a peacock-coloured wing. The drapery over the arm was another afterthought. Now, in the London picture there is nothing of this sort. Everything seems to have been determined, and painted right away.

But painted from Leonardo's design—for a point scored by the Director of the National Gallery comes in well here—the altered Infant is after a drawing by Leonardo in the Louvre. The conclusion of the matter seems to be that the London picture is the second version—is Leonardo's in its alterations as well as in original design, and was carried out so closely under his supervision, if not partly by his hand, that it is the nearest thing possible to a Leonardo not absolutely from end to end the work of the master. There can certainly be no stigma on the National Gallery authorities for buying it and giving the price they did.

At this point Mr. Herbert Cook comes in, and, working on a hint from Mr. Berenson, attempts to fasten the assistant's working on Ambrogio de Predis. He has satisfied himself by a careful study of everything that can reasonably be attributed to that artist, that the small difference in the treatment of forms are characteristic of him. On this, no one who has not all the evidence before him can have an opinion; there is not enough evidence in the present exhibition. The fixed datum is the signed portrait (No. 49) belonging to Mr. Fuller Maitland; this differs considerably from the other work attributed to him. Thus the full length (No. 7) is like the portraits given in the National Gallery to Borgognone. The profile of a young woman (No. 51) is like a more refined work by the author of No. 44 given in the catalogue to Bernardino de'Conti. Again, by a chain of reasoning which it is unnecessary to repeat, Dr. Müller-Walde has decided that some of the miniatures in the famous Sforza "Book of Hours" in the British Museum are Ambrogio's. But these help little, because if they are his they represent him in a much more mannered, shop-like phase, and much farther away from Leonardo

* Mr. Cook points out that this is a feature of the post-Leonardesque school, depending on the number of alternative designs executed by the master.

than the portrait, not to say the Madonna of the Rocks. The case may be stronger when one has gone through all the paintings cited by Mr. Cook; in the meantime, the documents point to Ambrogio as the most likely man, since he is admittedly author of the Angels in the wing pieces, and Mr. Cook's arguments corroborate the likelihood.

It may be added to a notice that one is tempted to lengthen that an admirable help to the study of the school in the exhibition is afforded by a number of albums of photographs on the table to help out the pictures on the walls. I have often argued for this as a help to study in our national collections. D. S. M.

ECLOGUE.

THE FOOL.
WORLDLY WISEMAN.

The Fool.

IN haste, ere my senses wither,
I travel and search the night:
Whence am I? what am I? whither?
I must have fullest light.

Worldly Wiseman.

That is your cry! Take heed;
Look to your steps, I say.
Return, for now, indeed,
Soul-traps beset your way:
Some man-devouring creed
Will seize you for a prey—

Some engine, baited bright
With immortality
Will drag you out of sight
And rend you: know that he
Who must have fullest light
Plots for his enemy.

In youth we hope; in age
The bargain seems unjust;
But yet though none engage
For Death's cold dust to dust—
The fixed, the only wage—
We take our doom on trust.

Such is the gentle rede
That prudent men embrace—
No fierce, enchanting creed
To live for in disgrace,
But good enough at need
In any market-place.

Stare at the darkness, shout
Your frenzied how and why,
No ghost will whet your doubt,
No echo give reply;
Only the world will flout,
And fortune pass you by.

The Fool.

Let chance sway hither and thither,
And the world be wrong or right,
Here, now, ere my sinews wither,
I wrestle with infinite night:
Whence am I? what am I? whither?
I will have fullest light.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

MONEY MATTERS.

AN attitude of patience modified by hope has characterised the Stock Exchange during the week. The settlement, the approach of the holidays, the Derby and the lack of any "bull" points has checked all speculative activity, but there are signs that the dulness and despondency which have been more or less permanent features of the market for some time past are about to give place to more hopeful conditions. The political horizon is distinctly clearer and the war has almost ceased to be a factor in the financial world. We even doubt if its sudden termination would cause any great change in values. On the other hand it would seem, from Sir John Lubbock's statement, that Lord Salisbury's pronouncement to the bankers was not so pessimistic as has been represented, and Mr. Chamberlain's attempt to attract notice to himself at Birmingham has been set down as of little real importance. In spite of official denials, the statement of the Paris "Figaro" that the West African difficulty is practically settled is generally believed, and except in the Mining Market, which has been disturbed by the reappearance of the suzerainty dispute between Mr. Kruger and Mr. Chamberlain, there has been a moderate rally in prices despite holidays, race meetings and the continued lack of public support.

At any other time the greater ease in the monetary position could not have failed to exercise a much greater effect upon the Stock Markets. Some weeks ago when in various quarters a Bank rate of 5 and even 6 per cent. was talked about, we expressed the opinion that a lower rate was much more probable, and on Thursday our anticipation was justified by a reduction of the Bank rate from 4 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It is evident from this fact alone that the political horizon is rapidly clearing, and as confidence is restored the situation will undoubtedly become still easier. Indeed it does not seem impossible that next week the Bank rate may be restored to its previous figure of 3 per cent. Outside rates have already fallen as low as $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. for three months' bills, and day to day loans have been arranged at 2 per cent. The Joint Stock banks have reduced their rate for deposits to 2 per cent., and discount houses are giving only 2 per cent. for money at call, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. at notice. The Bank Return shows an influx of £1,056,000 in gold from abroad, and an increase in the reserve of £1,103,000 to £26,545,000. This is higher than it stood at the same date last year, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities has increased 1.64 per cent. to 47.74 per cent. With the return of cheap money we anticipate an important revival of activity in the Stock Markets as soon as the Whitsuntide holidays are at an end. Consols, which last Thursday stood at $110\frac{1}{8}$ have risen to $111\frac{1}{4}$, and other stocks will next week scarcely fail to show a corresponding improvement.

The settlement in Home Railways on Tuesday was another evidence of the stronger position of the Stock Markets. With the exception of those lines affected by the South Wales coal strike, satisfactory improvements were exhibited by almost all stocks. The London Extension scrip of the Great Central showed the biggest rise, having improved two points during the account, whilst the Preferred and 1894 Ordinary stock rose one point. The Market evidently considers the prospects of the new line more favourable than we do ourselves. A careful consideration of the figures relating to the capital expenditure already incurred and to be incurred scarcely justifies any such improvement in Great Central stock. Chatham Preferred rose $1\frac{1}{2}$ on the account, Brighton Preferred, Great Northern Preferred, London and South Western Consolidated and Deferred, Metropolitan, South Eastern Ordinary and Deferred all rose a point. Great Western stocks have suffered not only from the falling off in traffics due to the coal strike, but also from the injudicious issue of new Stock by the Company. The issue was quite unexpected by the Market, and the circumstance that it was offered to the public instead of to the shareholders alone was regarded as another unfavourable feature. The making-up price of Great Western stock showed a fall of $3\frac{1}{2}$, and since

Tuesday it has fallen another point and a half to 165. An early settlement of the coal strike now seems probable, and with the easier condition of the Money Market the price of Great Western Stock should recover rapidly.

YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividend 1897.	Price 25 May	Yield p. c.
Great Northern "A"	2½	51	4 8 2
Great Northern Deferred ...	2½	54½	4 2 11
Brighton Deferred.....	7	176	3 19 5
Midland Deferred	3½	88	3 16 6
Caledonian Deferred	2½	56	3 14 10
North Eastern	6½	174½	3 12 11
Great Western	6	166	3 12 3
North Western	7½	198	3 11 11
Brighton Ordinary	6½	185	3 10 3
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5½	146	3 10 2
South Eastern Deferred ...	3½	111½	3 9 7
Caledonian Ordinary.....	5½	155	3 6 1
South Eastern Ordinary ...	4½	150	3 5 10
South Western Deferred ...	3	93	3 4 6
Great Northern Preferred...	4	120	3 4 0
South Western Ordinary ...	7	224½	3 2 4
Midland Preferred	2½	84½	2 18 11
Great Eastern	3½	120	2 18 2
Metropolitan	3½	132½	2 16 7
Great Central Preferred ...	1½	66	2 5 5

The upward movement in American Rails has been checked by the long-drawn-out operations of the war and the list on Tuesday showed a majority of declines, though in all cases these were of very slight importance. Milwaukeees however rose 2½ and have since improved 1½ to 101½. Louisvilles rose ½, and on Thursday had put on almost another point. In spite of the prolongation of the war, Wall Street seems determined to boom American securities, and the comparison of present prices with ante-war prices has thus become even more striking, as will be seen from the table below.

COMPARISON OF PRICES OF AMERICAN RAILWAY STOCKS BEFORE THE WAR SCARE AND NOW.

Railway.	Price 28 January.	Price 26 May.	Difference.
Atchison and Topeka	13½	12½	-1
Central Pacific	14½	14½	+0
Chicago and Milwaukee ...	99½	101	+1½
Denver.....	13½	12	-1½
Illinois Central	109½	107½	-2
Louisville.....	58½	56½	-2
New York Central.....	112½	120	+7½
North Pacific Preference ...	68½	68	-½
Pennsylvania	60	59	-1
Wabash Preference	19½	20	+½

NET YIELD OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Company.	Dividends paid 1897.	Price 25 May	Yield per cent.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. P.	5	101½	4 18 6
Illinois Central	5	107½	4 13 0
Atchison Adjustment.....	3	66	4 10 10
Pennsylvania (\$50)	5	59½	4 4 0
Denver Preference.....	2	49	4 0 9
New York Central.....	4	119	3 7 2
Southern Preference	1	30½	3 5 0

The settlement of the rate war seems as far off as ever. Nevertheless, Grand Trunk issues look like a good investment at present prices. The big traffic increase of £16,807 for the week ending 14 May was quite unexpected, and lifted the Guaranteed Stock to 77. A falling off in the traffic last week led to a small fall on Thursday, but the loss was speedily recovered, and the closing price was 77½. For the nineteen weeks of the present year the gross increase in the traffics of the combined Grand Trunk lines amounts to more than £200,000. The increase in the net earnings for the first three months of 1898 was £87,000, and assuming that the same proportion between gross and net earnings still holds, the increased net earnings for the eighteen weeks will be well over £120,000. In the first half of 1897 there was a deficit

of £265,000, but on 31 December, 1897, this deficit had been wiped out and a balance of £10,000 was carried forward to the present year's account. Moreover by a new arrangement with the Wabash Company the Grand Trunk will receive an addition to its net revenue of £55,000 a year, increasing by £5000 every five years until it reaches £70,000 a year.

The net earnings of the Grand Trunk lines in 1897 amounted to £275,000, so that with only the increased profits of the first nineteen weeks of the present year a total net revenue for 1898 of over £400,000 may be counted upon. To pay the full interest on the 4 per cent. Guaranteed Stock requires £209,000, and on the 5 per cent. First Preference £171,000, making a total of £380,000. There is, therefore, more than £20,000 left towards the dividend on the 5 per cent. Second Preference Stock. If the present net earnings can be maintained for the rest of the year, the Second Preference will therefore receive its full dividend, and there may even be something for the Third Preference. In view of the rapid development of Canada, and the new sources of income that are being opened up in the North-West, there is every reason to anticipate that the improvement in Grand Trunk earnings will continue. At 77½, therefore, the Guaranteed Stock, with an assured yield of more than 5 per cent., and the First Preference at 73½, with a prospective yield of 7 per cent., both seem good investments. For the speculator the Second Preference Stock at anywhere about 50 seems to offer the opportunity of large profit, for if the present traffics are maintained, towards the end of the year the price should be very much higher, whilst the settlement of the rate war will send all Canadian descriptions up with a rush.

Industrial shares have been a little more active during the week, and prices have been well maintained. The settlement showed only slight changes throughout the list, though here also in the majority of cases differences were against holders. The steadiness of prices in this market shows that industrial undertakings still remain favourites with the investor. The yield of industrial shares is comparatively high and so long as trade is good and business profits are large this state of affairs is likely to continue, although there are great differences in the comparative favour with which different undertakings are regarded, as our list of industrial companies shows. In the financial papers there are indeed frequent letters from indignant shareholders who protest vigorously and often comically against the neglect of their particular shares. Nevertheless the flow of money in this direction does not cease, and every new commercial enterprise that is turned into a joint-stock company under auspices which offer any moderate certainty of dividends is sure to find investors ready to put their money down.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 25 May.	Yield per cent.
Paquin	10	13½	12 3 8
Bovril Deferred.....	5	8	8 0 0
Do. Ordinary	7	1	7 0 0
Mazawattee Tea	8	13½	5 16 4
Linotype Deferred (£5) ..	9	7½	6 0 0
Eley Brothers (£10) ...	17½	37	5 14 7
National Telephone (£5) ..	6	5½	5 6 8
Holborn & Frascati.....	10 (1)	14	5 6 8
Linotype Ordinary (£5) ..	6	5½	5 2 7
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	24	5 6 8
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7½	16	4 13 9
Jay's	7½	18	4 12 3
Bryant & May (£5) ...	17½	19	4 12 1
Spiers & Pond (£10) ..	10	22	4 10 10
Harrod's Stores	20	4½	4 8 10
Swan & Edgar	5	1½	4 8 10
Jones & Higgins	9½	24	4 4 5
J. & P. Coats (£10) ...	20	58	3 8 11

(1) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

After the Whitsuntide recess a large number of prospectuses may be expected, good, bad, and indifferent, the most important amongst them being those of the

large jewellery business known as the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, a new tea combine which is understood to threaten the supremacy of Lipton, and the Gill McDowell Jarrah Wood Company to which we have already referred. The feature of the week in the Industrial Market was the declaration of a 15 per cent. dividend for the year by Lyons & Co. This, and the fact that the Company is going to cater for the Stock Exchange itself at its new establishment in Throgmorton Street, naturally caused the shares to be favourably regarded.

Welsbachs are still considerably below the high price they reached when the boom occurred a little while ago, but they are beginning to improve and we expect shortly to see them surpass the highest point previously reached when the new developments the Company has in hand were first announced. The exhibition of the Welsbach Company's new burner, which dispenses altogether with the glass chimney previously necessary, could not fail to make a favourable impression on all who saw it. The art of gas-lighting would seem now to have been brought to the highest perfection. The beautiful flame of the new form of Bunsen burner and the perfect combustion of gas it achieves, together with the greater divisibility of illuminating power, assure to the Company a further long lease of life in spite of the fact that the original patents have not now many years to run. When it is also considered that the Company will have a large interest in Dr. Auer von Welsbach's new incandescent electric lamp, which Sir Henry Burdett declares is "the nearest thing to natural light that it is possible to attain to," the reasons for a considerable appreciation in the value of Welsbach shares are apparent.

Electric lighting shares remain remarkably steady, and do not cease to hold the favourable attention of investors. A considerable amount of business is done in these shares from day to day, and it is evidently anticipated that electric lighting is still destined to extend largely in spite of the severe competition it is meeting from improved systems of gas lighting. It is only in this way that the high price of the shares of many electric light companies in comparison with their yield can be explained.

YIELD OF ELECTRIC LIGHT COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend	Price	Yield.
	1897.	25 May.	£ s. d.
St. James's and Pall Mall (£5)	14½	16½	4 6 0
City of London (£10)	10	25	4 0 0
Westminster (£5)	12	16	3 15 0
Metropolitan (£10)	6	17	3 10 7
Chelsea (£5)	6	9	3 6 8
Notting Hill (£10)	6	19	3 3 1
Charing Cross and Strand (£5)	7	13	2 13 10
House to House (£5)	4	9½	2 2 1

Kaffirs at the beginning of the week were inclined to improve, but this unfortunate market had still to undergo another trial. It was only just beginning to recover from the fear of a scarcity of water on the Rand, when it was knocked down again by the publication of President Kruger's reply to Mr. Chamberlain on the question of suzerainty. Since no important results are likely to follow from the despatch, the inherent strength of the market and the continued progress of the gold-mining industry in the Transvaal will enable it to recover from this blow also. Prices have been so depressed during the past few months that at the carry-over on Monday they showed no material change, although falls predominated. Hope deferred has made the hearts of Kaffir "bulls" very sick and at the last three or four settlements the account open either way has been of the smallest possible dimensions. If, as the "Westminster Gazette" says, Mr. Chamberlain will only give up trying to make Mr. Kruger say "suzerain," and Mr. Kruger in return will only carry out some of those many promises he has made from time to time to grant reforms, the public will begin to buy again and the South African Market will cease to be a playground for disconsolate jobbers. The deep-level mines have suffered most of late in the quotations and Robinson

Deep in particular has been hammered down as low as 9½. As the first crushing of this mine, which is known to be one of the richest propositions of the whole Witwatersrand, will be declared within the next fortnight, it looks as if some people were anxious to bang the shares in order to get in at as low a price as possible before the declaration of results sends the quotation up. The deep-level mines which have started operations have proved that these undertakings are not less but more valuable than the outcrop mines, and there is no reason to anticipate that the Robinson Deep will disappoint expectations.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES. OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 26 May.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
Rietfontein A.	35	1	70(2)	18
Van Ryn	40	1	12	17
Henry Nourse (1)	150	8	12	15
Comet	50	2	18	15
Pioneer (2)	500	9	1	12
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	1	6	11
Glencairn	35	1	11	11
Ginsberg	50	2	8	10
Ferreira	350	23	17	10
Crown Reef (3)	200	12	8	10
Jumpers (4)	80	4	8	10
Primrose	60	3	10	8
Rodepoort United	50	3	15	8
Meyer and Charlton	70	3	10	8
Wemmer	150	9	10	8
Jubilee (5)	75	9	8	8
City and Suburban (6)	15	51	17	7
Robinson (7)	20	8	16	7
Treasury (8)	10	3	13	6
Heriot	100	7	12	6
Wolhuter	10	5	40	6
May Consolidated	35	2	9	6
Geldenhuis Estate	100	51	7	5
Angelo	75	51	8(8)	5
Princess	15	11	20(2)	4
Langlaagte Estate	30	3	15	4
Durban Rodepoort	80	6	9	4
Worcester	60	2	4	3

(1) 42 deep-level claims, valued at £250,000. (2) Owns 23 D.L. claims, valued at £110,000. (3) 51½ deep-level claims, valued at £250,000, and 47 water-right claims. (4) 52 D.L. claims, valued at £100,000. (5) 18 D.L. claims, valued at £200,000. (6) £4 shares. (7) £5 shares. (8) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 26 May.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.
	Per Cent.		Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep (1)	200	9½	20	17
Durban Deep (2)	50	34	15	15
*Crown Deep	200	11	16	13
*Rose Deep	105	6½	15	12
*Nourse Deep	60	4	43	11
*Bonanza	108(3)	4	5	8
*Village Main Reef (4)	75	51	13	6
*Geldenhuis Deep	70(2)	7	23	6
*Jumpers Deep	40	41	36	6
*Simmer and Jack	4½(3)	33½(5)	30	5
Glen Deep	18	2	25	5
Langlaagte Deep	21	2	15	2

The mines marked thus * are already at work. (1) Started crushing with 40 stamps on 6 April. (2) Owns 24,000 Rodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (3) Calculated on actual profits of working. (4) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value £200,000, allowed for in estimate. (5) £5 shares.

The success of the deep-level mines already at work

is giving an impetus to the flotation of other deep-level properties. We learn from the "Standard and Digger's News" that the Village Deep will shortly be formed to work a total of 185 claims south of the Village Main Reef. The Rand Mines will contribute 21 claims, the Goldfields Deep 22 claims, and the Wemmer 22 claims. The capital of the Company will be £300,000, with £6000 reserve shares. If this flotation is successful, the Robinson Central Deep will probably be brought out with a capital of £100,000, of which a third will go to the vendor, a third will provide working capital, and a third will be reserved. The South Nourse Deep scheme is at present in abeyance, and the Ferreira Deep flotation will probably not come off as soon as was expected. The latter, it is noted, has cut the south reef at the expected depth. The reef is four feet wide and gives the wonderfully rich assay along part of the width of four ounces to the ton.

Concerning the Westralian Market there is nothing to be said; it is in a state of suspended animation, and it is not surprising that, with gentlemen like Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Calvert as its principal supporters, this should be the case. That there are valuable gold-bearing properties in Westralia is beyond all doubt, but it will be some time before the valueless proportions are weeded out. When this has been done, and the capital of many Westralian companies reduced to manageable dimensions, public confidence in the good mines may be restored.

NEW ISSUES.

THE BRITISH ALUMINIUM COMPANY, LIMITED.

The British Aluminium Company, Limited, has issued £100,000 of 5 per cent. Debentures, £18,000 of which had already been applied for and allotted to shareholders. The Company was started in 1896 with a share capital of £300,000, all of which has been issued. At its inception, it will be remembered, the Company met with violent opposition owing to its proposal to convert the beautiful Falls of Foyers into a source of mechanical power. But this opposition was overcome, the works established, and the production of aluminium was started about the end of 1896. The first complete year's trading to 31 December, 1897, showed a gross profit of £23,644, and the present assets of the Company are valued, apart from the goodwill and patents, at £625,000, and the Company's £10 Preference shares are quoted at £13, and the £10 Ordinary shares at £10 15s. The Debenture issue is for the purpose of providing further capital for the necessary development of the undertaking owing to the increased demand for aluminium manufactured by the Company's process.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED.

The Anglo-French Textile Company, Limited, is formed with a capital of £200,000, in 100,000 seven per cent. Preference shares of £10 each, and 100,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, to establish a spinning and weaving mill at Pondicherry, in French India. Machinery able to turn out 120,000 lbs. of cotton yarn, and to weave a proportionate amount into fabrics is to be provided. Owing to the cheapness of labour and the heavy duties imposed on cotton goods in the French colonies, large profits are anticipated. The Ordinary shares will have the right, however, to only one-half the profits of each year after a dividend of 10 per cent. has been paid in addition to the dividend on the Preference shares, the other half going to the directors, in addition to their ordinary fees. The present issue is of 7500 Preference shares and 75,000 Ordinary, the rest being reserved for the directors and their friends. Lancashire cotton manufacturers may like to subscribe the capital as a hedge against future misfortunes like the present issue that may befall their home industry.

NATIONAL RELIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY.

There does not seem to be any dearth of insurance companies, but the promoters of the National Reliance Insurance Company, Limited, think that there is room for another, at least in the department of fire insurance, to which it is proposed at the outset to devote most

attention, though Employers' Liability Insurance will also be undertaken. The capital of the Company is £500,000, in 100,000 shares of £5 each, 500 of which are to be issued to the founder of the Company, Mr. James Hewitt, insurance broker, as fully paid. Only £1 5s. on each share will be called up, and it is not anticipated that any further calls may be necessary.

VOGELSTRUIS'S CONSOLIDATED DEEP.

The Vogelstruis Deep is raising further working capital by the issue to its shareholders of £122,500 of six per cent. debentures, redeemable after July, 1902, by ten annual drawings at par. The Company reserves the right to issue further debentures to the extent of £127,500, to rank equally with the present issue in point of charge, and the whole of the first issue has been guaranteed. The Vogelstruis Deep is not in the first rank of the deep-level mines of the Rand, but it is a sound undertaking, and the debentures offer a good rate of interest to the investor.

THE BRITISH HYDRAULIC JOINTING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The British Hydraulic Jointing Company, Limited, to which we referred briefly last week, out of its capital of £1,200,000, pays for the Crowden Jointing patents to Mr. E. T. Hooley the sum of £1,025,000 in cash and shares, he having purchased the patents from the Hydraulic Joint Syndicate for £800,000 in cash and shares. It is not proposed to manufacture the jointing, and the profits of the Company will accrue solely from royalties charged to cycle manufacturers and others for the privilege of using the machines.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TEX.—The Company is doing a good business, and paid a large dividend on its first year's trading. We know of no reason why the shares should be so low in price.

H. S.—The prospects of the Company are not so good as those of other Jarrah Wood Companies. Early in June another Company will appear with much better prospects.

CURIOUS.—We do not like the issue. The purchase price is high, and the paying capacity of the business is unproven. In any case we should not advise a purchase of the Ordinary shares. The high rate of interest on the Preference shares will attract an investor who does not mind running some risk.

M.—Yes; the present is a favourable time to buy the shares you mention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE SHORT SHRIFT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Junior Constitutional Club.

SIR,—I should judge from internal evidence that the writer on the article on "Virtuous America" in the "Saturday Review" of 14 May has not lived among the negroes in the Southern States of whom he writes so sympathetically. If he had done so he would probably change his tone. His statement that "the poor white" (who is, it must be admitted, the meanest sort of white that exists and physically the negro's inferior) "will not even attend church with the despised nigger," and that "the black child is not admitted to the same school as the white," is true, but it is only half the truth. One might go a step further and state, without fear of contradiction, that there are "black" and "white" waiting rooms at all railway stations in the negro states, just as there are "black" and "white" cars on the railway and tram lines. The reason for this separation of the sheep from the goats is everywhere the same. Not to put too fine a point upon it, it is chiefly if not entirely a question of *smell*. Few white folk could sit through a service in a negro church—there are plenty of such churches, and the native pastors have a fine turn of oratory and a portentous collection of inconsequent adjectives—without great and nauseating discomfort. The results, as far as "whites" are concerned, are the same wherever negroes congregate. This is the *real* reason for the closing of the white folks' churches and associations and schools to the negroes. Mixed assemblies are a physical impossibility, and even were the white churches to open their doors to the "blacks," the latter would not willingly enter, as they object quite as strongly as the whites to the proximity of the other colour, and for a similar reason.

Further, there is no blinking the fact that the negro is by nature mentally and morally the white man's inferior. Up to the age of about thirteen this comparative inferiority of intelligence is not very marked; but when once the animal faculties assert themselves the mental powers seem to diminish. The number of racially fine negroes who show any marked ability as adults is so small as to be almost a negligible quantity. How can the intelligent white man be expected to associate on equal terms with people whose mental growth stops short to all intents and purposes at the age of puberty? The moral sense is even more stunted than the intellectual. The old slave was by all accounts a comparatively virtuous person, because his vices were held in check. As a freed man he is little short of detestable.

He will thieve and lie and drink with the best of us, and without any great sense of wrong-doing; he has no conscience, or, at least, a perverted one. Our black cook used regularly to steal my cricket sash to wear at church on Sundays, and when taken red-necked, blandly confessed her fault with the addendum that she had a "powerful heap of religion and a great awakenin"; but she went on stealing the sash—and other things as occasion offered. And yet she was, as they say, quite one of the "whitest" negro women, and had "got religion."

As regards lynching the matter becomes more serious. There is no doubt the sexual question is the root of the matter. Living far away in the pine-woods, often at considerable distances from his white neighbours, the settler dare not leave his wife and daughters alone in the house without some white man about the place. Witness a case in point. In February, 1892, a white settler named Parkhurst, living in the pine-woods near Hawk's Park, Florida, was suddenly called away from home on business, leaving his wife and child alone. The wife drove into the neighbouring town of New Smyrna, and persuaded her sister to bring her child and keep her company for the night in the farm. Next morning a man galloped up to the "store," which was near our house, saying that on passing by Parkhurst's lot he had seen the two women and their children lying with their throats cut in the verandah. The women had been outraged. White settlers were summoned from all parts of the surrounding woods, formally sworn, and were sent off in parties of four to scour the prairie land for the murderer. The search continued for four days, and two niggers were caught unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves. They were imprisoned in New Smyrna, and, though the case against one was clear (the other was set free), it took two years to get a conviction—so dilatory was the justice in these parts. Now, I should like to ask the writer of the article in question whether he himself would have felt any scruple in lynching the murderer if he had been morally certain of his guilt. I confess that I would have done it myself with no more compunction than I would shoot a mad dog. The obvious retort is, of course, that it is difficult to prove conclusively the guilt of the criminal, but in thinly settled countries mistakes are not so easily made, and the fact that a man has been driven to risk starvation by taking to the hammock lands or the mangrove islands of the lagoons is pretty conclusive evidence of his guilt.

For such crimes as murder and rape the punishment must be swift and sure, and justice is only approximately possible in the Southern States for whites and blacks alike. Our nearest neighbour was a white woman who had a grudge against us and a remarkably steady wrist for a woman.

When the men were painting the verandah on the side next her house, she used to pot at them in a playful way with her revolver, with the result that the house is to this day painted on but three of its sides. The bailiff wishing to prosecute the lady rode off to interview the nearest judge. "T'aint no mortal use," said that worthy, "she makes me tired; we can't get a conviction nohow, she allus leaves twenty-five dollars in the jury-room, but if you should go around with your shot-gun accidental, there won't be no inquiries made." We did not go around with the shot-gun, having unfortunately a few poor scruples still remaining, but we were often sorely tempted to take the law into our

hands. It is precisely these eccentricities in the administration of justice that have evolved the amateur hangman.

If a negro commits a crime nine-tenths of the witnesses subpoenaed will be negroes, and there is a freemasonry among gentlemen of colour which makes it morally impossible to get at the facts or secure a conviction. Lynching is only resorted to in cases of murder or outrage, and it is for such extreme cases that the sheriff keeps his bloodhounds.

The freeing of the slave—in the abstract a great and noble scheme—has done an incalculable amount of harm to the prosperity of the Southern States, and has demoralised the negro beyond belief. Old slaves bitterly regret the days of slavery, when they were certain of a comfortable home in which to spend the evening of their days. Many have told me so. Under existing circumstances the young negro who—"pace" the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—has no nice filial instinct, disembarasses himself of the old people as soon as they are past work and leaves them to die in any convenient ditch. Under a firm hand the negro makes an excellent and very faithful servant, and is happy and content. As an independent citizen he is contemptible. He gets high wages (5s. a day is the lowest), with the result that he will work only about two days a week; he is unthrifty, a stealer of houseless swine, and has no more morals than the proverbial goat.—Yours truly,
AN EX-VIGILANTE.

THE AMERICAN LAND FORCES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

59, Elmfield Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.
23 May, 1898.

SIR,—I had just read the remarks in your last issue on "the deplorable inefficiency of the American land forces," when, curiously enough, a letter came to me giving them quick confirmation. It was written by a relative of mine who, on 26 April last, left home and friends and situation and joined a cavalry regiment of Illinois volunteers; it is headed, Springfield Camp, Illinois, and bears date 5 May.

I give a few extracts:—"I am sitting in my tent as I write, whilst around me are about 9500 volunteers ready to go to Cuba, or wherever needed, as a part of the 125,000 men called for by the President. . . . I joined the cavalry, and while we have no horses so far, we expect to be properly equipped very soon. . . . We are on the same footing as the volunteers in England. We came here for the purpose of being equipped and getting the boys used to outdoor life and to be drilled. . . . I was appointed Corporal a few days ago, and expect further promotion soon. . . . The duties are light, as the weather is too wet to drill."

I confess, Sir, that the vision I have of this brave corporal (perhaps he is a general by this time) seated in his tent, waiting for sword and horse and equipment, and for the weather to clear over the drill-ground; and the further vision of him mounted at last on a charger which he cannot ride, and wielding a sword of which he is afraid, moves me to no great bitterness of tears, and is one which, were I a Spaniard, would hardly oppress me with terrors of doom and nightmare.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
SHAN F. BULLOCK.

A PLEA FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SARDA CANAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Dudley Place, Paddington.

SIR,—Mr. Buckley in his book "The Irrigation Works of India" mentions that, "in the North-Western Provinces, where a return of more than 5 per cent. on the capital outlay is now earned, a magnificent project, called the Sarda Canal, has long lain dormant." Strictly speaking, the Sarda Canal project belongs to Oudh, and Oudh is a country which is honeycombed with wells. But, unfortunately, the Government labour under the erroneous idea that canals are not wanted in districts where irrigation can be practised from wells and tanks. Now, wells and tanks as a rule have a very deficient water-supply in seasons of severe drought, and even under the most favourable conditions in Northern India they are quite unsuited for performing

two of the most important field operations in Indian agriculture, namely, the irrigation of rice in autumn and the sowing of the leguminous crops from the ravages of frost in winter. Season 1896-7 was not a good test year for wells owing to the rainfall in November, December, January and February. Take the month of November for example, regarding which Sir Antony Macdonnell, in his Famine Report, mentions that "during the last fifty years at Cawnpore rain was recorded in November only four times, and only five times at Agra." November is therefore practically a rainless month in that part of India; but, by the greatest good luck, "the Provinces were visited by a sudden and unexpected rainfall on 22 and 23 November, 1896," and I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that this rainfall put the wells out of court and saved the arhar crop (which is sown in June and July) from its great enemy frost. But what were the wells doing when water was wanted in September and October for the sowing of gram (*Cicer arietinum*)? This important leguminous crop was a failure in the provinces governed by Sir Anthony Macdonnell, owing to want of water for irrigation purposes; and the belated rainfall in November failed to revive it. As for rice, let any one who doubts my statement regarding the uselessness of wells for this particular crop try the experiment of lifting water from a tank for the irrigation of paddy, and he will realise how very little can be accomplished with even the aid of a powerful steam pump. But the rayats of Oudh are not the owners of steam pumps, so hand labour is employed in lifting water for three million acres of rice land, the crops of which would yield quite three million tons of unhusked rice in seasons of deficient rainfall if they were only properly irrigated. The fact that rice from Burma was sold in every bazaar in Oudh during the recent famine is a matter more for regret than congratulation, as the "Pioneer" tells us in a leading article on the Sone canals, that "the result of a hundred experiments in crop-cutting of good rice-fields, irrigated in 1896-7, was an average yield of 32 maunds of paddy and 63 maunds of straw an acre." These Sone canals serve the districts of South Behar, the soil of which is not a whit more fertile than that of Oudh. I now bring this paragraph to a close with the words which were used by Colonel Greathed, in describing the good work that had been done by canals during the famine of 1868-9. He said that "I trust these results may be pondered by those who recommend dependence on the irrigation to be obtained from wells in a year of serious drought."

I have before me numerous copies of articles and letters, which appeared in the "Pioneer" and other Indian papers, so far back as the year 1872, on the vexed question of the Sarda Canal. These papers reveal the fact that vested interests were predominant in the opposition raised to the construction of this important drainage and irrigation scheme; the truth being that the powerful talukdars resent official interference in anything connected with the rayats of their estates. This is but natural, although the rayats' interests have also to be considered. Now Oudh is a very badly drained country, which suffers alternately from floods and from drought. The result of imperfect drainage is, that cattle disease works havoc among the herds, and malaria every year finds its victims in thousands of the people. This desolation is graphically described in the "Pioneer" of 15 August, 1872, by a Government officer, in his article on "Photographs from a Morning's March in Oudh." I give an extract from it, to show that the worst form of malaria is to be found in districts where canal irrigation is unknown:—"Passed on through more fever-stricken villages, and the parcel of powders carried on the elephant got smaller and smaller. At last I entered a hamlet, on the edge of what had been in ancient times a channel for the great river Gogra, now it was a morass, filled with coarse rushy grass, rising densely from a fetid slush; in the middle was one little open pool of water; and beyond this, the old bank of the river rose in steep bluffs, crowned with sal forest. Anything so plague-stricken as the village I never saw—such old men, women, and weakened children, with lank, wan faces, tottering limbs and protruding stomachs, telling too

surely of fever, ague and spleen; none walked or ran, all squatted round embers, or leaned wearily against posts. The chaukedār (village watchman) came up, supported by his sad-eyed wife. How much medicine was wanted; how many men sick in the village? "Sahib, rather ask how many are well;" and, indeed, on counting up, it turned out that out of a population of 150 there were just three who were not either suffering from fever, or were just recovering." The above extract is eloquent evidence in favour of an organized system of drainage in Oudh; and as the rainfall varies considerably in even limited areas, a network of canals and drainage channels would carry the surplus water of the upper districts to those tracts lower down, where thirsty rice-fields extend into the Jaunpur, Azamgarh, Benares and Ghazipur districts. The following extract from my report to the Famine Commission of 1878 will explain the meaning and the importance of my statement:—

Year.	Rainfall at Sadowa, Saran.	Rainfall at Parsa, Champaran.	Difference in favour of uncultivated tract.
	Inches.	Inches.	Inches.
1875	36	40	4
1876	42·81	58	15·19
1877	24·50	60	35·50

Parsa is only thirty-five miles north of Sadowa, and yet in 1877 the Parsa rainfall exceeded that of Sadowa by 35·50 inches. Dr. Voelcker states in his report to Government that "the following instance has been given me by Mr. J. J. Macleod (of variations in the rainfall): At Segowli, in Behar, it is 80 inches yearly; at Rājghāt, nine miles to the west, 47 inches; at Beyreah, five miles west of Rājghāt, 36 inches; and at Malāyah, five miles south-west of Beyreah, 26 inches; whilst at Dhokraha, six miles north of Segowli, it is 66½ inches."

The following comparative statement of the amount of land under rice in the three Northern Administrations is now given to show the importance of this particular crop to the rayats of Oudh:—

	Actual area in acres, on which crops are grown.	Total acres under rice.	Proportion of rice land to dry-crop cultivation. Acres.
Oudh	8,366,088	3,069,416	1 to 2·72
N.W. Provinces ...	24,584,616	5,157,608	1 to 4·76
Punjab	17,080,090	747,456	1 to 22·85

The cynical aphorism that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" should no longer influence the action of Indian administrators in agricultural questions, since the bankruptcy of India can only be averted by an improved system of farming.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

DONALD N. REID.

INDIAN GEESE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Dudley Place, Paddington, W.

22 May, 1898.

SIR,—India is famous for its geese—the grey goose, brown goose, and bean goose being common among the wild-fowl that frequent the jhils and lakes during the cold weather. Moreover, every well-stocked farmyard can boast of its tame geese, which delight in playing havoc with the cereal crops of the holding. These tame geese from time immemorial have been in the habit of laying silver eggs for the sarkār. But now the creditors of this spendthrift sarkār are trying to force the grass-fed birds to produce golden eggs—an unnatural proceeding, which cannot possibly be fulfilled by the geese of India. The abortive attempt, however, will expose to the world the ignorance and arrogance of those good people who as yet have not learnt the secrets of the animal and vegetable life of the plains of Hindustan.—Your obedient servant,

ANGLO-INDIAN.

REVIEWS.

LESSONS OF THE AFRIDI CAMPAIGN.

"Lockhart's Advance through Tirah." By Captain L. J. Shadwell, P.S.C., Suffolk Regiment. London: Thacker.

IT may be assumed that Captain Shadwell, the author of this narrative, was not a combatant officer, since he was the acknowledged war-correspondent of one London and one Indian journal. Certainly an officer with his scientific training was specially competent to describe the practical work and difficulties of a campaign, although we must not forget that the great masters of war-correspondence have hitherto been civilians. For obvious reasons of discipline and impartiality combatant officers should not be allowed to undertake this office, unless themselves commanding in chief. But, unfortunately, few generals, like Xenophon, Cæsar and Moltke, have the skill or the assurance to delight the world and adorn history with the story of their campaigns, the schemes they formed, or imagined they formed, the difficulties they created or overcame, and to award, like Providence, an impartial meed of praise or blame to themselves or their subordinates. Failing this fine outcome of the war-correspondent's art, we may well be content with the manly and spirited record of Captain Shadwell, and endeavour, without repeating the familiar incidents of the campaign, to note a few of the points which it emphasises or suggests.

The first chapter contains a description of the Afridi and Orakzai tribes which is fairly correct, but dwells, with unpleasant emphasis, upon the least amiable traits of their character. If his enemy fight with gallantry and skill, this should suffice for a soldier critic; and it matters not to him whether they are liars, robbers and murderers. But neither Afridis nor Orakzais are as evil or treacherous as they are painted. The writer of this review has known many Afridis who were thoroughly trustworthy and splendid specimens of savage humanity, and for six months he had as orderly a head man of the Orakzais, who never left him by day and slept before his tent door at night and was a monument of devotion and fidelity. These people have the virtues and vices, both conventional, of wild mountaineers who have for centuries defended an inhospitable country against persistent enemies as savage and bloodthirsty as themselves. Robbery and cattle-lifting are the natural occupation of a race who, like the Scotch Highlanders of the last century, live in a country so barren that unless they steal their dinner they go without it altogether. Their personal and clan feuds are not unlike the Corsican *vendetta*: and, as regards the murder of travellers and traders, every stranger is to the "savage" an active or potential enemy. They certainly do not lay much stress on the sanctity of an oath, but the annals of the Divorce Court do not show this to be a virtue of even the highest civilisation. Suffice it that they are good and brave fighters, and in their own mountain fastnesses are as formidable as any enemy the British army are likely to meet. The more that are enlisted in our ranks the better. Such recruitment has been lately criticised as mistaken and dangerous: but the truth is that no soldier is stauncher in every respect than the Afridi, and that he fights by preference against his own people, for he then understands both the country and the method of warfare, and has the additional pleasure of being able to shoot some of his clansmen with whom he may be at feud. Another element in our army which Captain Shadwell's narrative proves should be strengthened as much as possible is the Goorkha contingent, which has indeed been doubled of late years but is not yet sufficiently numerous. Unfortunately there is a great difficulty in obtaining the best recruits from Nepal, but it is a matter deserving the constant attention of the Government. Our Indian wars are now almost exclusively mountain campaigns, and for these we require hill-men, of whom Afridis, Dogra Rajputs and Goorkhas are the most serviceable—especially the Goorkhas, who have few of the prejudices which discount the merits of Hindu troops. British soldiers are too valuable to be squandered in hill-fighting against any but a European enemy, and un-

less they have been long "canted" in hill stations and constantly exercised in mountain climbing, they are inefficient. Here the practice of the Indian army headquarters is largely at fault. Three times the present number of British troops should habitually be quartered in hill stations, and instead of formal drill on their limited parade-grounds they should be daily exercised in manœuvres on the hill-side till they become as active and hardy as mountain goats and have learned to take advantage of cover as cleverly as the Goorkha or Afridi. Nothing in this book strikes the reader more forcibly than that our losses and disasters in the campaign were principally caused by the employment of a force too numerous for the work and the enemy opposed to us. Twenty thousand men would have been ample for a campaign which seventy thousand, with their endless lines of transport and commissariat, turned into discreditable confusion. The resolution to advance to Tirah, the summer headquarters of the Afridis, was an eminently wise one, and the success which attended it will have a great and lasting effect; but our principal difficulties were of our own creation, and our prestige in the East has been injured by employing against one or two hill tribes a force which should be sufficient to repel a Russian invasion. On the other hand, it cannot be regretted that the extravagance of the preparations allowed the Imperial Service troops and transport of the Native States an opportunity of fighting side by side with the regular army. Admirably did they perform their share of duty, and special distinction was won by the troops of the Maharajas of Gwalior, Jodhpore and Pattiála, and the Rajas of Kapurthalla, Jheend, Nábhá, Dholpur and Náhan, while their transport arrangements were considered by Captain Shadwell to be superior to our own. In no department of the Indian army is improvement more needed than in transport, and each important campaign, like those in Abyssinia, Afghanistan, and the Afridi country, strips India of baggage animals, mules, ponies and camels, which are drafted in thousands but never return. The only animals of much value in hilly countries are mules, and a system should be devised for breeding mules on a large scale by establishing among the country people annual fairs and valuable prizes, so as to secure a large and constant supply. The camel is an impossible beast except in a plain country, and he was the despair of our commissariat and transport in the Afghan campaigns. When the Indian finances are again in a flourishing condition, a light railway should be laid along the entire frontier and each important station connected with the main system of the country. The Soudan campaign has shown how such a railway is an economy in the saving of transport: but within the independent hills the mule will retain his well-deserved supremacy.

The events which led to the Tirah expedition are summarised fairly by Captain Shadwell in his second chapter. Chief of these, and the only one which in any way justified the assembly of so large a force, was the capture and destruction of the Khaibar forts by the Afridis. No wonder that such a striking catastrophe caused the military authorities to lose their heads and anticipate a general rising of all the Mohammedan tribes on the border. That it had no such effect, and that the tribal risings were isolated and independent of each other, prove what has been always asserted in this Review, namely, that the rising was not a religious but a political one, due to a mistaken frontier policy. A fierce religious fanaticism unites the tribes, and where this is wanting there is no cohesion among them.

We have not yet sufficient information to decide finally upon whom lies the burden of disgrace for permitting the capture of Ali Masjid and Landi Kotal. It is an instance of culpable carelessness and want of information for which it is difficult to find any excuse. The ignorance of Sir Oliver St. John regarding the situation at Kandahar, which directly caused the defeat of Maiwand and the subsequent disasters, could be excused by the difficulties of his position in a hostile country. But at Peshawur there was ample warning: there were experienced officers and a large garrison at Peshawur, which could have reinforced the Khaibar posts in a few hours. That they were not reinforced

was a grave breach of an obvious duty: and, until the Government gives its decision, the chief political officer and the General commanding at Peshawur must divide the blame between them.

SCHENK UPON SEX.

"The Determination of Sex." By Dr. Leopold Schenk, Professor at the Imperial and Royal University, and Director of the Embryological Institute in Vienna. London: Werner.

IT is to be regretted that Dr. Schenk did not carry out his intention, announced some months ago, of giving his theory its first serious trial before one of the learned societies of Vienna. Such a course would have secured the kind of publicity he professes to desire, his theory would have reached the scientific world with a graver dignity, and assuredly would have given an equal opportunity for the "further studies in this direction with the aid of modern science" which he wishes to incite. Moreover, it would have saved him the ignominy of the authorship of a most unsatisfactory little book. Dr. Schenk's subject is not new; it has engaged the attention of observers and speculators almost since the beginning of recorded thought, and there is an enormous literature bearing on the subject. Two methods were open to him: the first, to take for granted past theories and past knowledge, and to confine himself to an exact description of his own investigations and theories; the other, to give a careful and systematic account of the history of our knowledge up to the present time, and so to connect his own work with its organic roots in the past. A considerable proportion of Dr. Schenk's book professes to be historical, but any one with the slightest knowledge of modern science will notice in it an endless series of confusions and omissions, and see a disregard of order and system so complete as to make three-quarters of his volume an absolutely worthless padding. If any one has the desire to see how incapable a guide Dr. Schenk has shown himself to be, let him compare the confused and disjointed pages of this volume with the succinct account of the determination of sex given in a few lines in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," or in the two short chapters of Geddes and Thomson's "Evolution of Sex."

The scientific and general public, however, is more concerned with the nature and value of the theory than with the fashion in which it is expressed. The theory depends on three propositions. The first of these is not new, and is scantily treated; the second is not new, and is scantily treated; the third is new, but is still more scantily treated.

The first proposition is that the determination of the sex of a child as male or female depends upon conditions which are external to the sexual elements or cells themselves, but are capable of modifying these elements before or after fertilisation, in the required direction. Dr. Schenk has nothing new to bring forward here. Incidentally he rejects some of the old theories as to the association of maleness with one side of the body or the other, and practically assumes the probable but unproved view that sex is determined by conditions within the body of the mother. What seems to be the case in many animals, and particularly in vertebrate animals, is that an embryo for a considerable time after its formation by the fertilisation of an egg-cell is hermaphrodite, and that during the course of development one of the two possible sexes outruns the other. Moreover, there are grounds for supposing that in a broad way this period of hermaphroditism lasts longer in lower vertebrates than in higher vertebrates. In this direction an adequate collation of known facts and a collection of new facts would have been of supreme interest and of first-rate importance for Dr. Schenk's theory. He practically assumes that in man the hermaphrodite period exists, but that it has been compressed and pushed back until it may be over even before the egg-cell has been fertilised. He may be right, but he has done nothing to make the view more probable.

The second proposition is that the chief condition determining the future dominance of one sex in the hermaphrodite egg-cell or embryo is nutritional. Here,

again, there is a vast mass of scattered observations already existing and clamouring for co-ordination. The statistics of the sexes of children born in times of famine or times of plenty; observations made by travellers on the children of women who were prisoners and possibly badly fed; the sexes of births in charitable institutions for destitute mothers; observations upon the sex of the children of patients suffering from disorders affecting nutrition; observations and experiments on the breeding of animals in confinement—all these and a thousand other lines of inquiry oppress the imagination of any one who reflects on the problem. It would be inconceivable, if it were not true, that a scientific observer, who for many years has regarded nutrition as the chief determinant of sex, should have contented himself with an unclassified and imperfect set of jottings from earlier writers on a subject absolutely vital to his theory. Quite apart from embarking on fresh experiments, a diligent man, using one of the great Continental libraries, could in a week bring together a series of facts of fundamental importance. Dr. Schenk is either ignorant of or has entirely omitted mention of the classical experiments by Yung on tadpoles. That observer, as every one knows, made direct experiments upon the nutrition of tadpoles, and obtained a percentage of females up to ninety by increasing the nitrogenous value of their diet. Dr. Schenk has brought forward nothing of substantial value to the support of the second proposition implied in his theory.

The third proposition is, as far as I know, novel, and upon it must rest the final value of Dr. Schenk's present contribution to the question of sex. He enters in some detail into the general metabolism of the human body, and with considerable ingenuity argues that an index to the nature of the vital processes may be found in the nature of the excretions. As a whole, the body may be regarded as a great oxidising machine, and if there escape from it the slightest trace of a material so easily oxidised as grape sugar, it would seem probable that more nutritive substances are entering the body than the oxidising machine is capable of transforming. In such a body nutrition is in excess, and Schenk's view is, that in a body with excess of nutrition the hermaphrodite ovum or embryo is determined as female. If by ordering of diet the nutrition be so adjusted to the vital machinery that no sugar appears in the excretions, then the body, which may be regarded as relatively starved, will determine the sex of the hermaphrodite ovum or embryo as male. Here there is the great practical side of Dr. Schenk's contribution, and here at least we have a right to expect a long series of detailed cases. He admits that he has been studying and observing this point for many years. If the cases of one physician are not sufficient to settle any point, he has always ready access to the note-books of his colleagues. On a minor surgical point a doctor of distinction collects his hundreds of instances before the publication of an opinion; Dr. Schenk is content with vague reference to some half-dozen cases. Never was there an attempt made to support so large a pyramid on so small an apex.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

"The Monroe Doctrine." By W. F. Reddaway, B.A. Cambridge University Press.

MR REDDAWAY could not have selected a more opportune moment than the present for the publication of his study of the inception, evolution, and application of the Monroe doctrine. His little volume is of considerable value as a presentment of what has passed in America for foreign policy from the time that the revolted Colonies became conscious of nascent "nationhood." When we consider American action in the Pacific and West Indian Seas, it is clear that in the future she will find herself more frequently in conflict, friendly or otherwise, with the European Powers than has been the case in the past. It cannot be said that Mr. Reddaway induces us to contemplate that consummation with anything like satisfaction. The United States imagined at the beginning of the century that the hegemony of North America was to be theirs and that the Colonies even of Great Britain would in due time fall into their lap. Long before the Monroe doctrine was enunciated by Monroe himself, what Mr. Reddaway calls

"the transcendent self-confidence" of the United States found vent in an opinion, expressed by Madison, that obviously foreshadowed the pretensions familiar to us today. At the time when President Monroe declared that the American continents were henceforth "not to be considered as subjects for future colonisation by any European powers," the Government of the Republic did not know the full extent or character of either its own territory or that of the hybrid Republics which had recently been proclaimed to the South.

A careless reader of Mr. Reddaway's presentment of his case might easily be misled into the view that Canning was in large measure the author of the doctrine which has been invoked against Great Britain in later years. When the Spanish Colonies in South America threw off the yoke of the mother country, Great Britain was divided between sympathy with Spain and a desire to profit by the commercial opportunities which the freedom of the South American communities opened up to her. Mr. Reddaway's concise statement of the position leaves the impression, which is a perfectly fair one, that South America was the Chinese puzzle of the early "twenties." Canning's policy was, in a sense, that of the open door. He wished for no territorial aggrandisement for Great Britain: but British interests in the young Republics had advanced so rapidly that he aimed at preventing any other European power from acquiring possessions in South America to their detriment. With that object in view he proposed an Anglo-American alliance—a proposal which met with as little response as Lord Salisbury's abortive Arbitration scheme three quarters of a century later. The United States objected to Canning's suggestion, but it seems to have developed in the brains of men like John Quincy Adams, to whom Mr. Reddaway traces the authorship of the Monroe doctrine. America did not see why she should not do single-handed what Canning suggested in league with Great Britain. The Monroe doctrine was no doubt aimed at the members of the Holy Alliance, to whom naturally the idea of the unlimited expansion of Republicanism in America was abhorrent: but the United States mistrusted England only less than they mistrusted England's European rivals. If Canning was in any way responsible for the genesis of the Monroe doctrine, it can only be said that he was among the first to put his foot down firmly in opposition to it. He repudiated the right of the United States to institute any such prohibition as President Monroe indicated. The doctrine could not have the force of international law in any case. Mr. Reddaway's treatment of this point is particularly suggestive and apposite. The Monroe doctrine was the expression of a private and national desire; it could not be binding on "outsiders" to whose interests it ran counter. Canning's repudiation was all the more emphatic from the circumstance that the South American states, having freed themselves from the weight of Spanish tyranny, looked to Great Britain as their friend and not to the United States. So strong were the commercial and sentimental bonds between Great Britain and South America, that Chateaubriand described the new Republics as a species of English Colonies. They certainly did not love the Northern Republic much more in those days than they love her now, though they welcomed her espousal of their fight for liberty.

Since 1829 it is Mr. Reddaway's opinion that appeals to the Monroe doctrine have borne no relation either to the character or the limits of the original. Although it would seem that nothing could be more sweeping or explicit than the original, it must nevertheless be admitted that it has not been adhered to in many instances. Mr. Reddaway himself seems to be a little at sea in his treatment of its application to the Cuban question. In the years following Waterloo, the ambitions of the ministers of Louis XVIII. caused the United States serious alarm lest Spain should be induced to cede Cuba to France. Later, the Monroe Cabinet was agitated by the possibility that the island might be handed over to Great Britain, and the view of Jefferson was revived that the acquisition of Cuba would complete the national well-being of the United States. "A strong Government alone could protect the numerous American residents and extirpate the pirates, who were

the pest of American commerce." Calhoun thought that Cuba was worth a war with England, but Adams saw that such a war, whilst Great Britain held the seas, could only have one result. Hence the acquisition of Cuba was postponed in the hope that the Cubans would achieve independence by themselves. The Americans abstained, on Mr. Reddaway's own showing, because they saw that it would be worse than useless to intervene. He is therefore hardly entitled to regard the present intervention as inconsistent with the action of the Monroe Cabinet. President Monroe would have anticipated President McKinley in assisting the islanders in insurrection had Great Britain taken the view of her interests in the West Indies which she takes now. The Americans, who sickened even Cobden by their anti-British braggadocio in the "thirties," left Cuba alone in the previous decade solely because they feared Great Britain. Their present intervention in Cuba and the Philippines, to say nothing of Hawaii, should finally dispose of any remnant of justification there may ever have been for the Monroe doctrine.

BIG GAME IN THE NEAR EAST.

"Short Stalks." Second Series. By E. N. Buxton. London: Stanford.

NOT many weeks ago we were confronted with the news of the death of the last hippopotamus in Natal, and this followed close on the account of a huge "bag" of elephants that fell to the rifle of a well-known sporting peer. Of such butchery we have heard enough and to spare. While not able to agree with a recent disgusted communication to a daily paper to the effect that any fool could hit an elephant, given the chance, we share the spirit of the rebuke, and turn therefore with gratification to Mr. Buxton's modest record of half a dozen excursions after horned game in Somaliland, Crete, Egypt and Daghestan. His work contrasts agreeably with the monotonous tales of improvident slaughter in which, merely to gain a new sensation, Englishmen embark much money and energy—both worthy a better cause—to lay low whole herds of elephants and antelopes. Mr. Buxton need be under no apprehension that his pages will lack readers, for his work, whether it treats of troublous desert progress on camel-back, of clambering over perilous mountain pass after goat, or lingering amid the more gentle glades of Epping Forest, is sure to command and deserve attention. In the volume before us there is useful reading for the practical hunter and naturalist. There are interesting notes on various African and Asiatic tribes, and we also find, particularly in respect of recent developments in Abyssinia, not a few wholesome reflections on the political conditions that obtain in those parts.

In the first chapter of the present series Mr. Buxton gives a concise sketch of sport and camping-out in Somaliland, with numerous interesting allusions to the inhabitants of that fascinating belt of wilder Africa—happy hunting-ground of sportsmen and political missions. The desiderata of this trip were koodoo and other smaller antelope, and in declaring that he would as readily shoot horses as elephants the author administers a sly reproof to the before-mentioned slayer of these huge yet innocuous beasts. With the lions and other carnivora of that region the party lacked success; lions were conspicuous only by their absence, and the one leopard that afforded a shot was badly missed. In this book, as in others from the same pen, we note a refreshing candour in the matter of bad shooting and other errors, such as twice shooting the wrong stag in the Galician forests, the recording of which adds considerably to the value of the narrative. Nor did Mr. Buxton and his friends apparently get within shot of ostriches, though the characteristic Somali species was observed on more than one occasion.

The second chapter brings the reader to the Galician haunts of noble stag. Mr. Buxton had accepted an invitation in the hope of possessing himself of a pair of antlers superior to those owned by fellow-sportsmen—an ambition which he was destined, after many "damp but delightful days" of stumbling over the fallen timber of Carpathian valleys, to satisfy. Among other items in this pleasant book, we have a graphic chronicle of an unsuccessful but enjoyable

expedition after a certain much-neglected ibex that hides itself in the coastal hills of Egypt: some notes of equally unproductive stalks after ibex and leopard on the historic slopes of Sinai: a short account, which we had previously read elsewhere, of sport and travel in Crete—about which picturesque island it is lamented that “Plenty is its heritage, but not Peace”: and the concluding and best chapter testifying to native hospitality in the border wilds of Daghestan. It is in this last chapter that we are brought abruptly face to face with the much-discussed difference between British notions of sport and those which obtain on the Continent. The Russian idea of a thoroughly enjoyable “sporting day” must be read in Mr. Buxton’s book to be appreciated.

THE THIRTY DAYS’ WAR OF 1897.

“Scenes in the Thirty Days’ War between Greece and Turkey.” By Henry W. Nevinson. London: Dent.

IT is just a year since Greece, to use an expression which occurs in Mr. Nevinson’s book, was “cracked like a nut.” Only now are the Turks beginning to evacuate Thessaly. So much has happened since the military promenade of the “Unspeakable One” across the richest province of the Hellenic Kingdom that already its incidents are beginning to fade from our busy Western minds; a greater war, fraught with greater consequences to Europe, now absorbs our attention. A book upon the Græco-Turkish war might seem, therefore, to be hopelessly belated, appearing now; but of Mr. Nevinson’s book I can sincerely say “better late than never.” For Mr. Nevinson is a man with a keen eye, a light hand and a mind pleasantly tinged with humour. He has brought all these to bear upon the scenes which he witnessed last year, and which he now describes for us, with the result that there is not a dull page in his book, and that, although his chapters contain much that appeared in the “Daily Chronicle” at the time, they are still welcome in their more literary form and under calmer circumstances. Of description of actual warfare there is not much in Mr. Nevinson’s book; he disclaims any pretence that it is in any sense a history of the war; it is merely a record, he says, of personal experiences entirely free from all questions of military science, politics or controversy. It is just because Mr. Nevinson possesses the qualifications above mentioned that, notwithstanding this limitation, he has been able to convey an accurate impression of the war itself, so far as he saw it, in Epirus. We are perhaps even better able to comprehend the character of the raid into Macedonia which preceded the war, and the causes of the Greek failure in Epirus, in Mr. Nevinson’s unscientific pages, than in any more technical account. His is rather the narrative of a traveller than a history of war; but so sure is his human touch, so illuminating is his sense of humour, that without effort he gives a true impression both of the people among whom he found himself, and of the struggle in which they were engaged. During the war he relied on no reports of any kind given him by other people. He listened to them with gratitude and said no more about them. “And so,” he says, “I have narrated simply what any traveller would have experienced, and what any traveller might have seen if fortune had put him in my place.” It is a modest assertion; but the eye sees what it brings the power to see, and the fact is that few travellers would have seen so much, and fewer still would have been able to write as Mr. Nevinson does of what he saw.

Mr. Nevinson was among those Philhellenes who believed that the mere expression of Philhellenic emotion was a wasteful and deteriorating thing unless it could be at once followed up by definite action. He assisted the “Liberal Forwards” in sorting out the very mixed lot of volunteers who offered their services in the cause of Greece. Captain Cullum Birch was appointed to command that force, and our author followed him to Athens. While there, however, he was offered and accepted an appointment as one of the correspondents of the “Daily Chronicle” for the campaign—the paper which, as he ingeniously remarks, represented, if it did not inspire, the views of the Quixotic party to which

he himself belonged. “Certainly,” he says, “no one could have had a wider or more varied experience than this appointment gave me. But, in spite of all that, I have often envied those—no battalion, alas! but only a small company—who served under Captain Birch, whether as officers or privates, and I deeply regret that it was not mine to stand side by side with that heroic little body of Irishmen, English, and Scotch, who at Mati, Velestino, Pharsala and Domoko won the respect of all who saw them.” Mr. Nevinson’s readers, while quite appreciating it, will not share in this regret. Finding himself, therefore, a full-blown war correspondent with orders to follow the campaign in Epirus, Mr. Nevinson prepared to start for the front, setting down meanwhile a striking sketch of Athens in the throes of war fever. Athens seemed to him like a modern play enacted on a background of Æschylus. “In the ante-chambers of Ministers and the entrance-halls of hotels, journalists waited, watching each other without admiration. Morning and evening the newsboys started in line for their flat race to the public square. Day and night the café politicians prophesied of things to come and thundered their exhortations to the brave. Here and there some mother or a man too fond of life went crawling after a Deputy with a petition for exemption. From all sides came volunteers and Reservists crowding into the city—giants from the Islands, with baggy trousers flopping between their ankles and hereditary weapons stuck in their belts; shepherds from the Peloponnese in fleecy coats and hoods; workmen from Patras in the second-hand leavings of Whitechapel. Just before ten the ladies of Athens drove out, as like Parisians as fashion could make them, on their way to ladle soup into pitchers for the refugees from Crete, whilst they protested that never in their lives before had they been out before twelve, but were ready to make any sacrifice for their country.”

From the Peiræus Mr. Nevinson took ship for Volo and thence he went by rail to Larissa, which he found struggling to do its best for the reception of the Crown Prince. “Some mountain batteries fired a salute, some infantry battalions lined the road, a cavalry escort remained mounted to their own satisfaction, while the royal party drove to the little white-washed house called the palace.” At Larissa Mr. Nevinson received his instructions, which were to make his way along the frontier and to reach Arta in Epirus over the mountains if possible. These instructions he carried out with pluck and perseverance, and thus enrolled himself among the very few Englishmen who have crossed the Pindus mountains from Thessaly into Epirus. From Larissa Mr. Nevinson went eastward to Tempe, and he thus describes that famous vale: “The river is about the size of the Severn at Shrewsbury, but even more rapid, and thick brown with mud. It never runs dry, and that is such a marvel in Greece that it may partly account for the religious awe with which the valley was regarded. For Apollo was here, and there was a sacred path between this and his home in Delphi. On each side of the stream the mountain cliffs rise to a great height in precipices. The Greek mountains are as a rule bare of trees, and that bareness gives them a peculiar dignity of outline and brilliancy of colour; but Tempe is fairly well wooded, chiefly by the immemorial planes and the dark ilex—that accursed tree which, of all things that grow, was the only one to give its wood to make the cross of Christ. Apollo’s laurel I did not find.” Seated upon the broken bridge over the Peneus, our author looked out to sea and imagined the Greek fleet passing along to attack Salonica and break the railway communication between Constantinople and the Turkish armies in Macedonia and Epirus. “It turned out that I was entirely wrong, but why it turned out so is the main mystery of all the disastrous war. I could not foresee that part of the tragedy; still less did I know that the broken bridge where I sat was to give us the one touch of comedy in the following weeks. For it was by this bridge that Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, M.P., intended to return to his friends in Turkey after his triumph with the army in Thessaly; but finding, much to his displeasure, that it was in ruins, he was obliged to put to sea from the river’s mouth, and so was captured by a lurking man-of-war and carried off to Athens amidst the laughter of all mankind.” From

Tempe Mr. Nevinson went along the frontier to Kalam-baka and Malakasi, and there saw something of the raid into Macedonia in which Milonas and his men "made every mistake which was to be expected of an amateur force." From the height of Mount Lakmon Mr. Nevinson looked down upon the Turkish town of Metsovo, beyond which were the mountains of Epirus and the jagged crests of Albania. From Metsovo he could trace the thin and precipitous path along the face of the mountains down towards Janina. That was the way by which he had hoped to reach Arta, and he thought with astonishment that that was the way by which Cæsar had come. "Up that rocky precipice which fell away at my feet Cæsar's legion had clambered, swearing their Roman oaths, and from the top his thin and firm-set face had looked back upon these self-same mountains and forward down the desert gorge of the young Peneus to the distant snows of Olympus where Zeus was still living, as Cæsar may perhaps have remembered with a smile. And now a few fir trees stood silent upon the rocks which he had trodden; all was still except that from the station below there arose the strain to which my escort were dancing in the courtyard while they sang in Greek the Sapphic lines:—'Be it peace or be it war, my darling has the olive on her cheek, and on her breast the olive.' For they say the olive where we the rose."

The passage of the Pindus is from the geographical point of view the most important part of Mr. Nevinson's book. Maps were useless, as the district had never been properly surveyed—a district of deep, wild gorges with dreary, far-scattered villages, so poor that glass is never seen and life is fed on sticky maize; even the halfpenny wine of the peasants is only found by rare good luck. Slowly and with great difficulty our author's little expedition crept over the mountains, meeting once a long train of refugees, at the sight of whom his men "grew rigid with ancestral terror of the Turk and sat down definitely refusing to stir." The mutiny was conquered only by Mr. Nevinson mounting the favourite pony of one of his men and riding forward as fast as he could. The owner followed and eventually all got safely to Arta, where the war had already begun. The campaign under Manos is described with sufficient detail, with its victorious advance to Pentepigadia, half-way to Janina, and its disastrous defeat. A single Greek battalion had occupied that important post, and before it could be reinforced six battalions of Turks drove them out with heavy loss. Amongst the killed was the young Englishman Clement Harris. During the engagement he was wounded in the foot but refused to leave his companions. "When the retreat became general he still refused to go, and the last they saw of him he was slowly hobbling away, turning round now and again to take another shot at the enemy who were fast closing him round. No one saw his actual death, and for a long time we hoped he might have been taken alive. But the Turks did not take Andarti (Greek irregulars) alive."

From Greece at the end of the war Mr. Nevinson went to Crete. To his adventures in that unhappy island I have no space to devote, but can only say of this portion of his book as of the first portion that he gives us glimpses of the life of the insurgent Greeks and of their warrior chieftains which are of the utmost interest.

WENTWORTH HUYSE.

A BOOK OF GIANTS.

"A Book of Giants." Drawn, engraved and written by William Strang. London: Unicorn Press.

A LOVER of style always likes to get the material which produces his work into his own hands, to eliminate, as far as possible, the middleman of reproduction. R. L. Stevenson's fingers itched to have hold of the graver and play with it according to his own fancy; and so out of his industrious playtime resulted those booklets which have, since his death, been partly reproduced for the instruction and despair of professional illustrators.

Mr. Strang seems to have been bitten by a desire to follow Stevenson on to that delightful Tom Tiddler's ground which he made his own; but it is doubtful whether so trained an artist has here found right employment for his great capacity. His book falls short of satisfying any public; his verse is, for the most part,

poor and strained, so also is his sense of humour; there remains only the artistic value of the woodcuts, which is happily a very considerable item. The subjects are treated with erudite simplicity, showing with perfect frankness the various influences that have been at work in forming Mr. Strang's style up till to-day. The "handling" of Legros, the woodcuts of J. F. Millet, together with those of the old German school, have all left their marks upon a man who seems to be at the stage of passing from apprenticeship into mastery. The design upon the cover shows perhaps the latest influence of all, that of William Nicholson. But those who are interested in such qualities would rather see them displayed in work that has not to be forced into association with verse and fun which are of the feeblest.

The most admirable piece of engraving in the book is the head of the giant in the "Giant and Apothecary": the title-page is the only quite poor bit of work in the series. Other engravings which count among the successes of the book are "The Fat Giant," "The Vegetarian Giant," "The Giant and the Motor," and "The Giant and the Wires." But why is the giant in this last block an accurate portrait of Mr. G. F. Watts, even up to the hat that is upon his head?

However, when all has been said against subject and matter writing, the woodcuts by themselves stand an attraction to the collector.

LITTLE DEVOTIONS.

"The Little Christian Year." London: Unicorn Press.

DEVOTIONAL verse that is feminine in its charm generally carries with it certain defects of its qualities which largely undo the particular effect which devotional poetry should have upon the mind. Here, however, though we get the charm, there is little of the accompanying drawback; the ordered seemliness of its thought relates this verse to the devotional pieces written during her later years by Christina Rossetti, where, even if poetry was not always touched, the spiritual passion of a reverent mind was made audible and the main devotional effect intellectually secured. Though less deep in its aims, this "Little Christian Year" is possessed of much quiet virtue and expresses itself in delicate and sensitive language. The writer's attitude is that of one who sees matter moving over the face of the spiritual deeps: almost every poem aims at tracing religious truths through analogies of nature. It is no very novel position, but in presentment it reaches above the average. This, for "Good Friday," stamps its picture, visual and mental, with sufficient directness,—

"Far dead old tree,
With black arms stark against the bleeding west,
To me thy nameless hill's unstoried crest
Is Calvary.

"O Last and First,
On Thee, the slain, I cry for living bread,
And living waters crave of Thee, Who said,
'I thirst.'"

Very few of the poems in the book are longer than the one just quoted, and there are but twenty all told. Perhaps so much brevity has sprung from a desire to appear precious. In verse where much depends on Scriptural allusion and quotation, the dividing marks between authentic and unauthentic utterance are often slight; but though the sound is somewhat suppressed and small in volume, there seems to be in this book a note of originality and truth.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT.

"The Encyclopædia of Sport." January to May. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peek, and F. G. Aflalo. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

THE January number of the "Encyclopædia" opens with a note on the lion by Mr. Selous. That well-known sportsman repeats what he has remarked before, that he considers the lion more dangerous than the buffalo. As Harris and Gordon Cumming have said before him, there is no more formidable enemy to the outspanned waggons in the darkness or when rain-storms have quenched the camp fires; and, like the tiger, his vitality, though far less than that of some of the antelopes,

makes him an awkward customer at close quarters, even when wounded to death. "Lord's" and the "Oval" suggest the story of the growth of popular cricket in the metropolis. "Mountaineering" by Mr. Martin Conway is eminently exciting and sensational. It is a gratifying testimony to the superabundant daring and animal vigour which has built up the British Empire. With the best of guides, and all reasonable precautions, it is the danger which has always given mountaineering its zest. You must take your chance in treading gingerly over a shelving snow crevice, in crossing the abysses in the glaciers, or in seeking precarious foothold among rotten rocks. On such tiff precipices as the Aiguilles of Mont Blanc, there is in reality comparatively little peril, if the head is good and the limbs are firm. Then from the Alps we are brought back to pheasants and partridges in England. We are reminded of the ways of driving partridges, which has almost superseded shooting over dogs, and are initiated into the mysteries and anxieties of pheasant-rearing. Apropos of pheasants, there is a very noteworthy short paper by Mr. Walter Rothschild (who grudges no expense in riding his zoological hobbies) in which he defines no fewer than fifty-nine distinct species. Then comes pig-sticking, the most breakneck of hard-riding sports, and pigeon-shooting which in almost every respect is its antithesis. Mr. Stannard freely admits that the latter requires rather skill than hardihood. Yet the crack shot needs no little nerve of a kind when the surprise is to be sprung on him from a wide semi-circle, and he is shooting for fame and heavy stakes before a deeply-interested gallery. Mr. "Bickerdyke," who has recently given us a clever monograph on the subject, writes upon pike-fishing, trolling, and gorge bait; and polo, about which the Badminton Library has left little to be said, is followed by punt-shooting, which, as it is practised at the present day, has been fully expounded by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey. Really, as Mr. Pope tells us, there seem to have been no great changes in the punts since the time of the enthusiastic Colonel Hawker, though guns and ammunition have been immensely improved. Mr. Grenfell treats most ably and admirably of punting as a river sport. Mr. Harting, who has many good zoological articles, writes upon quails, rooks, &c.; Mr. Lloyd Price has much to say about rabbits and rabbit-shooting—which to our mind rivals rat-hunting as one of the most exciting of minor sports—and Mr. Millais, after long experience of the Scottish Highlands, is thoroughly at home with the ptarmigan and the roe. As he says, killing roe with shot guns is the tamest of entertainments—at least at the battues which are always woefully mismanaged, and where the bucks generally break back. But shooting on your own account in the great fir woods, with a couple or two of lively little beagles and a steady old pointer to stick to the scent, is a very different thing.

Rowing and riding are treated in such detail that we can only mention them, but we are impressed in Mr. Rowe's able disquisition on the former with the agreeable latitude allowed in contemporary training. No longer are the competitors kept on a short regimen of mouldy crusts and raw beefsteak. They may eat, within reasonable limits, almost anything simple that they like, and the chief privation is the stern embargo on tobacco. But the outbreak after the event brings ample compensation. Racing is excellently done by Mr. Watson and with the fullness which the popularity of the subject demands. Specially good are his remarks on handicapping and steeple-chasing, and there are interesting sections on the recent "cracks" of the course and the stud, and on the famous jockeys who have made fabulous incomes.

FICTION.

"A Departure from Tradition, and other Stories." By Rosalie Masson. London: Bliss.

THE author, who has accomplished some successful nonsense and some unsuccessful, or less successful, seriousness in her volume of short stories, shows herself a clear-sighted critic of her own position when she introduces the least successful of her sad pieces, "Driftwood," with the statement of a dilemma. "Real

life," she says, "is sad," but, on the other hand, "it is very wrong to write sad stories." Her critical faculty has not gone so far as to hinder her failing to write a sad story; but then it is not for the critical faculty to prevent the writing of a story, but only to express misgivings when it is written. Real life is sad, and sad stories are bad, and therefore if you must write stories—and we would rather Miss Masson wrote stories than not—you must not write about real life. This is the only way out of the difficulty, and Miss Masson succeeds, when she does succeed, because she has the wit to escape by this path and rest satisfied with the fugitive rôle she plays. Edith, the Newnhamite, wishing to continue her work after marriage, decides that her husband, who is not clever, must do the housekeeping. Edith's work is various and not trifling, for it includes the translation of the "Allegoriae Homeri" and the composition of critical essays on the "Correlation of Inconceivables in Transcendental Apperception." Harry drops his eyeglass into a saucepan, and learns that cats drink cognac and are capable of dinting a silver urn by falling heavily against it. And so on. It is not a very costly outfit for a performance, but then the performer is only engaged in displaying a little trick, and we are tickled. Only it is obvious that with such an outfit any sadness that may occur must be playful and only momentary: the performer cannot be allowed to use the sorrow of the world as a factor in her display. We do not enjoy being tickled by tricks unless we know that the performance is not going to end in a broken leg; moreover, the gim-crack properties do not permit of bitterness and bowed heads. Miss Masson should either have stoutly refused to be tempted into the sorrowful real world of the sad story "Driftwood," or she should have got herself a bigger stage and a more solid set of properties. "Kirknetts," also a tragedy, is more satisfactory, because the performer does not attempt much of a display on her own account: she only suggests an idea for a possible performance, and we are quite willing to be given the suggestion. But performance, even of little things, is rare, and plans are common, therefore we prefer the farces. It is, moreover, in her farces that she brings off her good things. Harry confesses, for instance, that some of Edith's honeymoon quotations from Browning sounded so natural that he "answered" them, and that made him feel foolish; while it is in her sad attempt that Miss Masson has to put up with the wife's confession that she could never remember any of the Latin names in botany but *Aurora borealis* and *Delirium tremens*.

"Up for the Green." By H. A. Hinkson. London: Lawrence.

All the qualities that made "O'Grady of Trinity" such pleasant reading are abundant in Mr. Hinkson's latest volume. "Up for the Green" is a stirring story of the Irish rebellion of 1798, and gains not a little by being told from a comparatively new standpoint—that of a loyal yeoman who is captured by the rebels, and wins to safety only through many surprising and exciting adventures. The reader is thus spared the exhibition of the hysterical exaggerations which have hitherto been the dominant note in such stories; and, further, Jeremiah French, the narrator of the tale, is a creation of singular freshness and humour. His pompous garrulity, his piety and cowardice, are conceived and depicted in the happiest way. His daughter Patience, and Captain O'Neill, the gallant rebel officer, are drawn with equal skill and definiteness, and the story is maintained to the end with unflagging energy and spirit. The historical setting of the tale would seem to be as studiously accurate as it is artistically effective; and altogether the volume is to be heartily commended to all lovers of vigorous narrative and clever characterisation.

"Fighting for Favour." By W. G. Tarbet. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

This is by far the happiest of recent essays in the Stevensonian school of Scottish romance. It is a good "rattling" story of love and battle, and other dangerous things, and the reader is carried irresistibly along on a wave of excitement and interest. The hero, David

Duras, is a robust figure, who never becomes violent or incredible, and Rose Carter, the heroine, for whose favour he fights so valiantly, is a very charming and vivid girl. The story is happily not overburdened with dialect, and though blood runs freely through its pages, the narrative is handled with considerable reticence and skill.

"A Point of View." By Caroline Fothergill. Bristol: Arrowsmith.

This is a noticeably clever book, whose cleverness is shown in the air of novelty and importance which the author has contrived to lend to a story which in itself is neither novel nor important. The materials are all familiar, but the character of the self-tormenting heroine, Philippa Holland, is drawn with some subtlety, and her relations with her three suitors are very ingeniously and convincingly described. The upshot of the curious complications is as nearly surprising as could be expected in a book which is built on such well-used formulæ, and, in spite of a certain old-fashioned flavour about the whole thing, it must be repeated that Miss Fothergill has written a clever and interesting story.

"Where Three Creeds Meet," by J. Campbell Oman (Richards), has much of the charm of Mrs. Steel's Indian Sketches. Perhaps it reminds one of her a little too much on the whole. She has set the fashion of treating Indian life on its own merits as a study, apart from its relation with the European civilisation around it. Mr. Kipling has done it once or twice, in the "Black and White" collection and others. Where the present author differs from both is in the very slight importance he gives to English influences. A white child called Daisy Baba comes in now and then for a moment; but for the most part, Hindu and Muslim are shown living out their picturesque drama with singularly little apprehension of the "third Creed" at their gates. The kindly, futile old missionary with his harvest of "two souls," after years of effort, goes to strengthen the same impression. It is a well-written little book.

"The Siren," by L. T. Meade (White), tells the story of a somewhat incredible young person of magnificent beauty and Nihilistic habits, which she proceeds to indulge in the middle of the London season. In spite of an elaborate plot to assassinate the Czar and a rather pointless plan of serving her adoring old father in the same way, the Siren herself is the only person who gets hurt. She commits suicide, for no very apparent reason; being a Nihilist, and having probably studied the works of Mr. Headon Hill, she does it by smelling a bunch of roses. Otherwise, it would be no great excursion of fancy to imagine her doing it in the pages of "Bow Bells" with the usual dagger-paper knife.

"The Philanthropist," by Lucy Maynard (Methuen), gives an excellent picture of a "genteel" charitable institution, and the life of its staff. The little heroine is perfectly natural, her surroundings almost too much so in their tameness and monotony. It was a pity, to our thinking, to make, as it were, a semi-criminal of the kindly bore, Mr. Scott. Till it happened, we realised him as a live person whom almost every one has met and avoided in his day. In fact, the whole death of Penrose's little brother reads rather unconvincingly. The average schoolboy "comes up smiling" after a knock against a fender. However, the book is attractive, and if it is a first novel, as it seems to be, it is creditable too.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE are about to introduce to English readers a new writer in the person of Mr. E. T. Godkin, the editor of the New York "Nation," a journal which has called forth the bitterest vituperation from the "Yellow" press by its attitude upon the Hispano-American War. The volume in question deals with some of the most recent phases of social development, under the title, "Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy."

Mr. Gladstone was perhaps amongst the greatest book-buyers of his day. On the authority of Mr.

Quaritch, it is said that he purchased himself some thirty-five thousand books. This number was largely supplemented by the many volumes sent to him gratuitously. The collection dates from the copy of Hannah More's "Sacred Dramas," which the old lady presented to him when he was a child in petticoats, and includes several works given to him by his famous confrères during the early years at Eton.

A notable volume on "French Literature of To-day" is being prepared by Mdlle. Yetta Blaze de Bury. Among those who come under her criticism are Pierre Loti, de Maupassant, Zola, Bourget, Anatole France and Verlaine. Mdlle. de Bury has had a personal knowledge of these writers as well as an intimate acquaintance with their works.

M. Chevrement is supplementing his life of Marat by an elaborate compilation of the patriot's works—a task that has occupied him several years. It includes not only the political, scientific and medical compositions, but also his utterances to the people, which acted so potently upon the course of the Revolution. One of the unique features of the collection is the set of seven placards and the celebrated poster, "Marat, l'ami du peuple, aux braves Parisiens," the only other copy of which is to be found in the British Museum. There are also a collection of the caricatures and portraits of Marat.

The Wagner season is to be the occasion of the issue of Mr. Edwin O. Sachs's volume on "Stage Construction." Two hundred illustrations will be given of the stages of the European opera houses, together with those of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. An introduction is written by Mr. Sachs, in which he traces the evolution of stage management, and discourses generally upon the methods of scenic artists.

It is not surprising that Dr. Nansen should be again willing to brave the perils of the far North when it is remembered that he has cleared thirty-eight thousand pounds from his book alone: add to this the sums accruing from his lectures, and one has a fairly comfortable total even for these days of multi-millionaires. "Farthest North" was translated into no less than seven different languages.

Mr. Elliot Stock is issuing a work with a pretentious title by an author whose name does not appear to be familiar. It is called "The Growth and Influence of Music in Relation to Civilisation," by Mr. Henry Nipper. It traces the history of the art in both hemispheres from the earliest times.

Mr. Gibson Bowles has been incited by the present war to prepare a volume on the subject of the Declaration of Paris, the complete text of which will be included. He will also reproduce in it portions of a work of naval warfare which he wrote some twenty years ago. Messrs. Sampson Low are to be the publishers.

On 10 June Messrs. Smith Elder are publishing Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale." The plot is laid in the North of England, and is largely devoted to Roman Catholicism.

The present literary occupations of Mr. Andrew Lang are as varied as might be expected from such an adaptable pen. The leisure that he can spare from his *magnum opus*, "The History of Scotland," he is devoting to a life of Napoleon suited to the general reader.

The principal feature in the library of the late Mr. Cock, Q.C., is his collection of works, in print and manuscript, connected with Sir Thomas More. These number one hundred and fifty, and are to be disposed of in one lot at the forthcoming sale.

Mr. Edward Arnold is issuing in a few days a small volume entitled "Talks with Mr. Gladstone." It consists of a number of conversations, the author, the Hon. Lionel Tollemache, has had with Mr. Gladstone

during recent years. For the most part the conversations took place at Biarritz between 1891 and 1896 and cover a variety of intellectual, religious and political questions, on which subjects Mr. Gladstone's opinions were freely expressed. Of these interesting conversations Mr. Tollemache has, we think wisely, kept records, and will, no doubt, employ a fluent pen to good purpose.

A new volume of poetry has just been finished by Mr. Henry Rose, the author of "Summer Dreams," "Three Sheikhs," &c. "Willow Vale" is the title of the book, which, in addition to the poem that gives its name to the collection, contains three other subdivisions called "Rustic Rhymes," "Prince Alimed," and "In Visions of the Night" respectively. As is implied by the title, "Rustic Rhymes" deals with the joys and cares of country life; "Prince Alimed" is a romance in verse, while the "Visions of the Night" are of a more introspective and psychological nature. The book will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

The Wagnerites have of late years greatly increased in number, so that a volume on the great musician should command an extensive circulation. Messrs. Service & Paton are issuing almost immediately a book of this description which is written on entirely new lines, and intended to throw some light both on the music and the words of Wagner's operas. The volume will also include a short biography and many views of interesting buildings, &c., at Bayreuth, and is from the pen of M. Lavignac, Professor of Harmony at the Conservatoire of Paris.

Mr. Grant Richards will issue on 2 June a novel from the pen of Mr. Haldane McFall, bearing the title of "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer: being the personal history of Jehu Sennacherib Dyle, commonly called Masheen Dyle; together with an account of certain things that chanced in the house of the Sorcerer." Mr. McFall, who is a stepson of Madame Sarah Grand, held for a considerable period a post in a Zouave regiment, and is endeavouring in his novel to present to the reader a faithful picture of the West Indian negro as he actually is, and not as the burlesque drama has represented him. The hero is a Zouave, and the chief characters are negroes, and the author gives us negro views of life, negro religious ideas, negro prejudices, and negro superstitions. Although the action takes place in the West Indies, this picture of a humorous folk is held together by a satire on "The Free Love Philosophy." A striking cover has been designed by Mr. McFall.

The "Century Magazine" for June will contain some rather exciting articles under the general title of "Confederate Commerce-destroyers," dealing with the four Confederate cruisers which, in addition to the "Alabama," were most conspicuous in destroying American shipping. Colonel John Taylor Wood, who was commanding the "Tallahassee" at the time, gives an interesting account of "The 'Tallahassee's' dash into New York waters." The second article will describe "The 'Florida's' Eventful Cruise," which ended with her being rammed by the Union ship "Wachusett" in the neutral harbour of Bahia. The article is written by Lieutenant G. Terry Sinclair, who was one of the "Florida's" junior officers.

The same number will also contain several articles of timely interest, including a paper by Captain Alfred T. Mahan on the causes of the failure of the Spanish Armada, and "Ten Months with the Cuban Insurgents" and "The Confederate Torpedo Service." The first of the above accompanies an illustrated article giving the story of the famous catastrophe, based on the narratives of survivors and on manuscript records and other Spanish documents. The second are the experiences of a major in the army under Garcia, while the third is written by the electrician of the Torpedo Division in the Confederate Navy who laid the mine which blew up the first gunboat ever destroyed by this means.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new novel of Irish life, entitled "Father Anthony," will be published early in the autumn by Mr. John Long, who has acquired all the volume rights.

A new psychological novel by Mr. Charles J. H. Halcombe, entitled "The Love of a Former Life," will also be published by this firm. The author appears to have had a rather exciting and eventful career, having circumnavigated the globe four times before he was nineteen years of age, been twice shipwrecked and has been through a mutiny at sea. He has seen a great deal of Australian bush life, has tramped up the Zambesi companionless, and been rescued from starvation by a Boer hunter. He has also resided in China for many years, where he was on the staff of the "North China Daily News" and "Hong Kong Telegraph." He has now, however, returned to England and settled down to a literary life.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages." By Ferdinand Gregorovius. Translated by Annie Hamilton. Vol. V., in two parts. London: Bell.

TO the present instalment of her translation of Gregorovius History of Mediaeval Rome Mrs. Hamilton has appended an index to the original fifth volume, instead of awaiting the completion of the sixth, and giving a two-volume index, as at the close of volume II. and volume IV. of her version. This change is of great convenience to the English reader of the German historian's prodigious undertaking. The translator, however, warns the reader who may be "unacquainted with Gregorovius in the original," that the present index must not be taken as a sign that he has reached the end of the work. "Three more substantial volumes await him," which will form, we assume, six volumes of the translation, of the same handy size as the two parts of volume V. before us. As these two parts deal with Rome in the thirteenth century only, the reader may obtain a fair notion of the space devoted by the historian to the more fruitful remaining portion of the period defined as the Middle Ages. In his fifth volume he deals with the prolonged and distracting struggle between Pope and Emperor, and Guelf and Ghibelline, with the stirring story of the militant Popes Innocent IV. and Gregory IX., and with the consummation of papal power under the greatest of Popes, Gregory X., "the best of Popes," and "the Titus of his age," as Gregorovius styles him. It is this century of the Church's triumph that occupies this section of the historian's animated narrative. The concluding chapters that summarise the characteristic features of Roman culture, art, and learning, have concentration and breadth, while wanting nothing of the colour and life that generally distinguish the work as a whole.

"Ulysses S. Grant." By William Conant Church. London: Putnam.

The story of General Grant's life has been told by various writers, and by none more effectively than himself in the very characteristic "Memoir" with which the last trying years of his life were mainly occupied. Mr. Church's volume, however, is a workmanlike production, and may be said to fulfil fairly the requirements of the general reader for whom such a series as the "Heroes of the Nations" is designed. It was General Sherman who said of Grant that he was "the typical hero of the great Civil War." In this matter there was, says Mr. Church, no other competitor unless it was Sherman himself. The man who is regarded by military writers as the greatest general the conflict produced must be accounted out of the field. It is clear that Lee cannot be regarded as the national hero of "the period of national preservation and reconstruction," for he failed in the attempt to make a nation of the Southern confederacy. Had he succeeded, he would, we must assume, have figured with his opponent in the present series. Mr. Church sets forth with the laudable object of showing how it was that Grant, who was not by profession a soldier and nothing else, and was "so free from the passions supposed to dominate the soldier," should have succeeded where so many failed. Of course it may be said he had the big battalions on his side, and undoubtedly Lee was crushed by sheer weight of numbers. But big battalions unorganized, without a controlling and directing head, could do nothing, as indeed was proved more than once during the war. Grant's capacity in generalship was shown again and again before he was made General-in-chief, but after that appointment his supremacy as an organizer, as a great campaigner, was clearly established. Lincoln, with his usual perspicacity, seems to have been the first man in authority to see that it would not do to make plans of campaign for Grant. "You and I, Mr. Stanton," he said on a famous occasion, "have been trying to boss this job; and we have not succeeded very well with it. We have sent across the mountains for Mr. Grant, as Mrs. Grant calls him, to relieve us, and I think we had better leave him alone to do as he pleases." To leave

Grant alone proved to be in the long run, what Lincoln's good sense foresaw, the very best thing for the Government. Mr. Church deals fully with Grant's Presidential career, and with regard to his political rule observes that he was no politician. Shrewd student of man as he regards Grant, he describes him as almost guileless, if not gullible, in matters outside his experience, as in his unfortunate business speculations. "No one," he remarks, "could flatter Grant by calling him a great soldier, and he had a strong aversion to discuss his campaigns in any personal sense. But when a Wall Street sharper sought to persuade him that he and his sons were great financiers, or, at least, that his sons were, he found a listening ear."

"A Vision of England, and other Poems." By John Rickards Mozley. London: Bentley.

Patriotic verse seems to be just now in vogue. Mr. Mozley's leading poem, "A Vision of England," has a certain dignity of movement, and in sentiment is unimpeachable. For the rest, the writer cannot be said to pass beyond the academic and the uninspired in his sonnets and lyrics. "A Vision of England" purports to be written in the Spenserian stanza, though anything less Spenserian in effect than many of its stanzas it were hard to imagine. Why will writers of verse persist in attempting this most musical and most delicate of measures, when it is clear from their efforts in the most simple arrangement of "longs and shorts" that they have no command of metre and a defective ear? From Mr. Mozley's "Love Lost and Regained"—a "decade of lyrics"—we cull an excruciating example:—

"Sleeping or waking
Is it I lie?
The dawn is breaking
O'er earth and sky."

And this is what "the Lover sings"!

"Songs of Love and Empire." By E. Nesbit. Westminster: Constable.

In what may be called the Imperialist section of this volume are songs that have a true ring and genuine inspiration. After much perfunctory Jubilee singing and patriotising, it is refreshing to read verse so strong and spontaneous as "After Sixty Years" and "A Song of Trafalgar." In truth, E. Nesbit knows what a song is, and does not sing "to order." There is nothing of mechanic make about the delightful "At the Sound of the Drum," or the charming "Shepherds all and Maidens Fair," or the dainty and ethereal "Spring Song," to cite a few lyrical examples in the collection.

"Poems by the late John Lucas Tupper." Selected and Edited by William Michael Rossetti. London: Longmans.

The late Mr. John Lucas Tupper was known in his youth to the Pre-Raphaelite fraternity of artists. He was not precisely of the brotherhood, nor was he a brother of the celebrated Martin Farquhar Tupper. We will quote Mr. Rossetti's circumlocutive assurance of the true relationship of the two poetic Tupperes, lest error spread in an interested world. "It may perhaps be as well," says Mr. Rossetti, "to say at the outset that he" (Mr. J. L. Tupper) "had no sort of *de facto* connexion with Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of 'Proverbial Philosophy,' although it is said that the two men were 'eleventh cousins.' There is evidence in this little volume that Mr. Tupper possessed poetic gifts. We would cite the quaint poem "Eden after Sixty Centuries" as an example of a kind of vivid improvisation in which he seems to have delighted. "Ever let the fancy roam" appears to have been an irresistible injunction with him. It is on the execution side he shows carelessness or indifference, as if publication were not in his mind when he threw off these verses.

FRANCE.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in PARIS every Saturday from MESSRS. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at MESSRS. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines, Le KIOSQUE TERMINUS, Cour de Rome, and at the GALIGNANI LIBRARY, Nice.

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The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

(For This Week's Books see page 730.)

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May, 1898.

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MR. GLADSTONE AS A COMPOSITOR.

MR. GLADSTONE, by invitation of the owners of the LINOTYPE COMPOSING MACHINE, inspected the working of the invention yesterday, Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., and a number of other gentlemen being also present. At the conclusion of the examination Mr. Gladstone said:—"I am greatly obliged by your giving me a fresh opportunity of appreciating the inventive faculty and the executive energy of America, as it is exhibited in a machine from which I cannot but anticipate effects equally extensive and beneficial to mankind." This brief speech was at once set up and cast into type, and printed. The Right Hon. gentleman also himself, for the first time in his life, set up by the machine the words, "The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.," which were cast and printed in three or four minutes.

From the ECHO, June 27th, 1889.

Golconda Gold Mines, LIMITED.

THE THIRD ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

Of the members of the Golconda Gold Mines (Limited) was held on Tuesday, at Winchester House, E.C., Mr. R. J. PRICE, M.P. (the Chairman), presiding.

The SECRETARY (Mr. George Thomson) read the notice convening the meeting.

The CHAIRMAN, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, first referred to the fact that the directors had during the year availed themselves of an opportunity to place 5000 of the reserve shares. Working capital, he remarked, when obtained on favourable terms, was always a good thing for a mine. During the last few years the Company had earned profits, and those profits would doubtless have been distributed if they had felt confident as to having sufficient working capital to carry out their ultimate objects; and when at the end of last year there became a demand for the shares, and they could be disposed of, without damaging the market, at a small premium, they took the opportunity of selling 5000 of the unissued shares. The directors had followed out their policy, which the shareholders had always approved of, writing down severely from the work already done on the mine. The gold in transit on 31 December came to a very large sum, because the latter crushings of the year were on the sea, and the cash in hand was £1625. The total amount of the cash assets, not including the calls still to be made, came to about £14,000 on 31 December, and at the present moment the item very nearly approached that figure, there being a difference of only about £1000. After explaining several other items in the accounts, the Chairman proceeded to refer to the reports of the directors and the manager. He said it would be remembered that when he addressed the shareholders last year he took a sanguine view in two respects. He said he thought the Golconda Mine, that was a good little mine, was developing rapidly into a good big mine. He also expressed the hope that they would get a full six months' crushing. He explained to them that, of course, the question as to whether the mine would develop into a big mine or not depended upon their success in the lower levels. He had proved to be too sanguine a prophet—certainly in one case, and perhaps in the other. He was certainly too sanguine in saying they would get a six months' crushing. It was, however, no fault of the directors that delays occurred which made it impossible for them to have that full six months' crushing. As it was, they had had three or four months' working only, and that three or four months' working resulted in a profit of £3700 for the whole year. His second prophecy, however, was that when they crosscut at the 140 feet, or, as he then said, the 150 feet level, they would find the reef in as good and payable a condition as it was in the 75 feet and 44 feet levels, which they had been working. At the 140 feet level they had so far not discovered any of the rich patches which in the upper level made the mine so remunerative. It might be that they would still find them, because the rich chute which contained the rich ores in the 75 feet level seemed to be dipping extremely flat, and they might not yet have driven sufficiently far. The policy to be pursued had to be very carefully considered. It would be seen that the Manager was strongly of opinion that they should go down further, and that they should work the other property they possessed, the Evening Star. The question was whether they were going to work this mine and try and make a big mine of it. The mine has been a very good one in the upper levels. They had not lost the quartz reef, which was there at the 140 feet level; what they had lost for the moment was the rich chute. There were colours of gold to be found in the 140 feet level, although the grade of ore was not payable. The Manager and the company's consulting engineers thought that, having a property that was so good in the upper levels, it would not be a wise proceeding for them not to proceed further with their work. This brought him to what he might call the financial policy of the company. At the last meeting he told the shareholders that if his hopes as to the six months' working and the continuation of the richer chutes in the 140 feet level were realised the question of the declaration of a dividend might arise on the present occasion. His belief, however, had been falsified. They were face to face with the position that they had in uncalculated capital and assets at the bank a sum of about £23,000. Their requirements if they were going to work the Evening Star and Golconda Mines on a large scale would be very considerable. Consequently he did not think they would be acting wisely if they made a distribution of dividends at this particular period of the mine shareholders who felt dissatisfied with the position. The directors on this side had done their utmost to achieve success. The paramount thing was to see that they had good management at the mine, then they had to see that the funds of the Company were honestly and capably administered. When directors had done these two things there was little more they could do. He had a very high opinion of the manager, who was extremely industrious, thoroughly honest, and in many respects exceedingly competent, but he (the Chairman) had of recent months somewhat modified his opinion as to whether the manager was the right man in the right place. The question was a difficult one, and he proposed on the present occasion to ask the shareholders to appoint from their own body a committee to consult with the board on this specific point. The whole future of the mine depended on the management in Western Australia, and if some of the shareholders would give the board the benefit of their assistance it would help to fortify his colleagues and himself. In conclusion, the Chairman stated that, according to the latest telegrams received, as regarded the 75 feet level they were coming across rich patches again. He took it that when the boiler tubes which were required had arrived, and they recommenced crushing, they would still have good returns from that part of the mine, at all events.

Mr. CHARLES McCULLOCH seconded the motion.

A long discussion ensued as to the management of the property, and eventually a proposal was made to adjourn the meeting for a fortnight to further consider the report and accounts. This, however, was negatived on a show of hands. A further amendment to appoint a committee of shareholders to confer with the directors on the subject of management was discussed, and afterwards withdrawn. Thereupon the report and accounts were adopted, and an informal committee of shareholders was appointed to confer with the directors upon the point mentioned.

The retiring directors and auditors were re-elected, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the meeting.

COLONY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

CORPORATION of the City of CAPE TOWN LOAN.

Issue of £100,000 Three-and-a-half per cent. Debentures (Portion of £488,654 sanctioned). Minimum Price of Issue £99 per cent. Interest payable 31 March and 30 September in each year in London or in Cape Town. Principal repayable at par in London or in Cape Town on 31 March, 1948, as the bearer may elect.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED, LONDON, as the duly appointed Financial Agents of the Corporation of the City of Cape Town, will receive Tenders for One Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling in Three-and-a-half per cent. Debentures, being portion of £488,654 sanctioned to be issued under the authority of Section No. 104 of the Act No. 26 of 1893, and Section No. 1 of the Act No. 9 of 1894, and Section No. 30 of the Act No. 25 of 1897, of the Legislature of the Cape of Good Hope, and by virtue of Resolutions passed at the Meeting of Ratepayers held on 21 January, 1897, and by the majority of votes recorded at the Poll of the Enrolled Voters of the City taken on 30 July, 1897.

The present borrowing powers of the Corporation upon the security of the City rates, under and by virtue of the above quoted authorities, amount to £1,177,604, of which sum £688,950 have already been issued, and the present Issue is a portion of the unissued balance of £488,654, and will rank *pari passu* with previous issues. The objects of the Loan are to provide payment for certain contemplated works, and for the completion of other works in course of construction, such as a Comprehensive Drainage and Sewerage Scheme, additional Water Storage, construction of Storm Water Sewers, and other works of a permanent and reproductive character.

The City of Cape Town is the oldest, most populous, and wealthiest City in Cape Colony, of which it is the Metropolis and seat of Government. The City has increased very rapidly in extent, population, and value of property during the last decade. At the census of 1891 the population of the City numbered 54,177, and of the Suburbs 43,166. The present population of the City is estimated at 64,000, and of the Suburbs 51,000.

The official valuation of the immovable property liable to rates within the area under the jurisdiction of the Corporation was:—In 1888, £2,567,483; in 1893 £3,657,137; in 1898, £5,690,220.

The Assets of the City consist of Land and Buildings valued at £600,388; Water Works, Reservoirs, Mains, &c., £600,000; Electric Light Installation, including Power Station, Engines, Boilers, High Pressure Pipe Track, Accumulator Station, with Batteries, Mains, &c., £125,000. Total, £1,325,388.

Buildings valued at £121,625 have been erected upon Corporation Lands let on Building Leases, and of which the City retains the Freehold and right of reversion.

The Liabilities of the City consist solely of Loans which, as stated above, amount to £688,950. Beyond these there are no other Liabilities.

The sources of Revenue and other particulars are detailed in the Prospectus.

The Debentures for the present Loan will be to the Bearer, in sums of £100, £500 and £1000, with Coupons attached for Interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly, on 31 March and 30 September, at the Office of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, 10 Clements Lane, Lombard Street, E.C., or at the Town House, Cape Town, as the Bearer may desire. The first Coupon for a full half-year's interest will be payable on 30 September, 1898.

The Principal will be repayable at par at the Office of the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, London, or at the Town House, Cape Town, as the Bearer may desire, on 31 March, 1948, but thirty days' prior notice of payment desired must be given.

Application will be made in due course for a quotation upon the London Stock Exchange.

Tenders, on Form annexed to the Prospectus, will be received at the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, 10 Clements Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., not later than 12 o'clock (noon) on 31 May, 1898, when and where they will be opened in the presence of such of the Applicants as may attend.

The Loan will be allotted to the highest bidders, but no tender at less than £99 for every £100 Debenture will be accepted.

Tenders must be for even hundreds of Debentures, and those at prices including a fraction of a shilling other than sixpence will not be preferentially accepted.

Tenders as the lowest price accepted will be subject to a *pro rata* distribution.

Payment will be required as follows:—

10 per cent. on Application, and so much on Allotment as will leave 50 per cent. to be paid on 20 June, 1898.

Scrip Certificates will be issued after payments of the amount due on Allotment, and when fully paid the Certificates will be exchanged for Debentures, so soon as ready, on presentation at the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, 10 Clements Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., of which due notice will be given by advertisement in *The Times* newspaper.

In the event of the balance not being duly paid, the relative allotment will be cancelled and the previous payments thereon forfeited.

Copies of the powers under which the present Loan is issued, and other documents relating thereto, can be seen at the Standard Bank of South Africa, Limited, 10 Clements Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., where Prospectuses and Forms of Tender can be obtained; also of Messrs. Whiteheads & Coles, Brokers, 39 Throgmorton Street, E.C.

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LIMITED,
10 Clements Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., 24 May, 1898.

STANDARD BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope).

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Paid-up Capital	£1,000,000.
Reserve Fund	£800,000.

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